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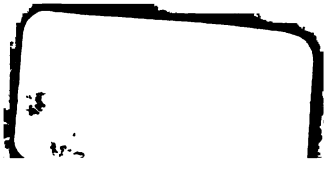


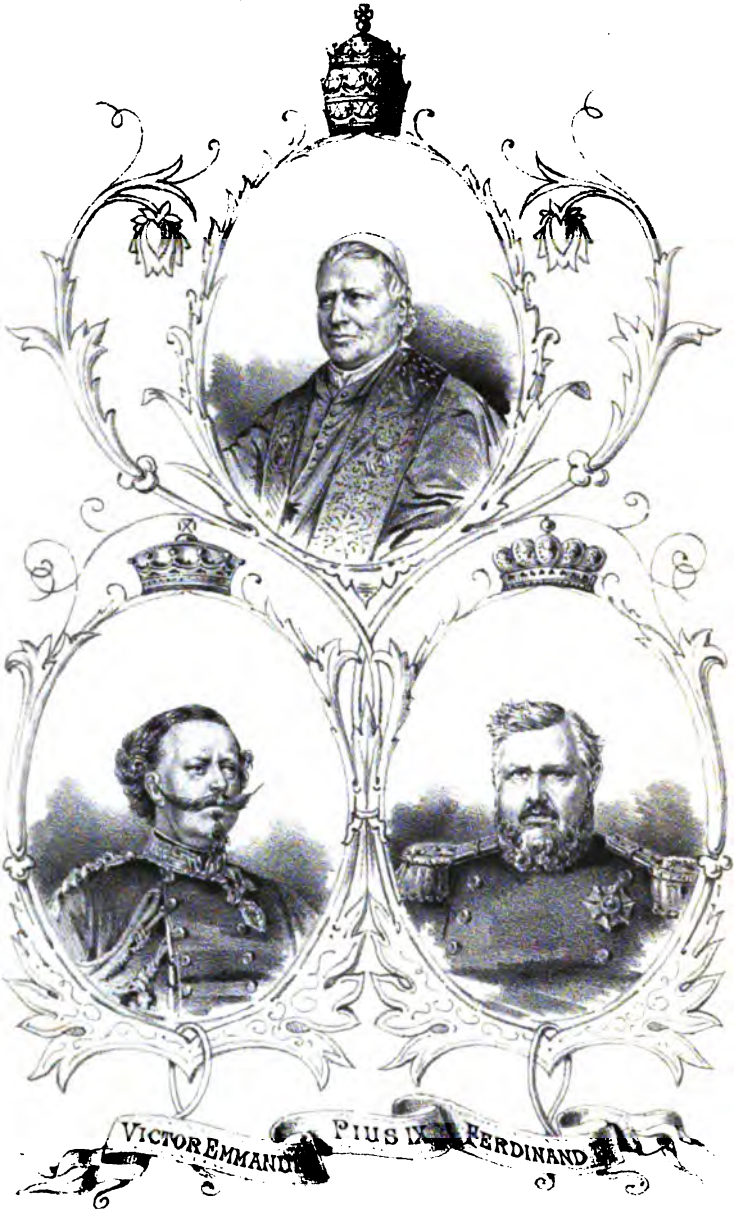
THE TRINITY OF ITALY.

Ahi serva Italia, di dolore ostello,
Nave senza nocchiero in gran tempesta.

Purgatorio, vi. 76, 77.

AHI SERVA ITALIA, DI DOLORE OSTELLO,
NAVE SENZA NOCCHIERO IN GRAN TEMPESTA.

Purgatorio, vi. 76, 77.



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THE TRINITY OF ITALY.

THE TRINITY OF ITALY:

OR,

THE POPE, THE BOURBON, AND THE VICTOR;

BEING

HISTORICAL REVELATIONS OF THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF ITALY.

BY

[Frances Roubiliac Condor] 1851

AN ENGLISH CIVILIAN,

FOR EIGHT YEARS IN OFFICIAL CONNEXION WITH THE COURT OF NAPLES.

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THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

THE rapid march of events, which, since the following pages have been placed in the hands of the publishers, has succeeded to the lull immediately following the French evacuation of Rome, may confirm or may contradict any opinions now expressed on the Italian question, even before the ink in which they are recorded is dry. But this is only an additional reason to induce the author to offer a word or two of preliminary explanation to the courteous reader.

The impressions which are derived from a residence of eight years in a foreign country, if they are less vivid and picturesque than the hasty views taken by the mere tourist, are likely to be far more truthful. The writer resided in Southern Italy from the commencement of the year 1856 to near

the close of 1864. He had the privilege of access to the presence of King Ferdinand II. of the Two Sicilies up to the commencement of his Majesty's last illness, and was personally acquainted with the various members of the Royal Family hereafter referred to. His intercourse with the Ministry, especially with the Ministers of Finance and of Public Works, was frequent and confidential. Having occasion to visit the Adriatic sea-board, he was furnished, by the king's command, with a formal ministerial despatch addressed in quadruplicate to the *Intendentes* or Prefects of the provinces of Salerno, Capitanata, Bari, and Terra d'Otranto, and enjoyed, in consequence, the hospitality of each of those high officials.

In consequence of this intimate personal acquaintance with the Court and the Cabinet of his Sicilian Majesty, the author is able to speak from direct experience of many scenes that are likely to be novel to most English readers. It has been the object of the present work to present to the public such a series of sketches of the life of the Southern

Italians as may throw light on the great questions of the day, and may enable the reader to understand, if not anticipate, the course of events, so far at least as that course may depend on the peculiarity of national character.

The purely political writer who attempts the elucidation of a subject involving the validity of the claims of the Papacy to universal and unhesitating obedience, meets with a difficulty special to the subject on the very threshold of his inquiry. For the advocates of that institution as it is, or rather as it was in the year 1866, rest their defence on grounds of a loftier character than the data of philosophical discussion. The arguments of the friends and of the foes of the temporal power of the Pope are drawn from considerations of so different a nature that they fail to answer, or even to encounter one another. The strife is as unsatisfactory as that between a land and a water animal. The politician, applying the process of reason to the evidence of past and present experience, can entertain but little doubt of the very

proximate fall of the Papacy, as that term is understood by modern Ultramontanists. The Romish ecclesiastic asserts that Faith is above Reason, and that Faith assures him that the See of Peter is founded on a rock, against which neither the gates of Hell nor the advocates of Italian unity shall ever prevail.

The question of the fall of the Papacy is very far from being exclusively, or even mainly, Italian in its interest. It is one of the deepest import to entire Christendom. And in no country is its solution more desirable than in England, where a party, not inconsiderable in number, is engaged in a strenuous effort to establish a dominion which has never yet been paramount in the country, unless it were for a brief period of the reign of John, and which was altogether defied by the Tudor sovereigns. At no period of the Papal history have more lofty pretensions been urged in more plain and unhesitating language than at the present moment, whether we turn to the allocutions of Pius IX. or the writings of the

Romish Archbishop of Westminster. It is but little to say that the gauntlet is thrown down—war to the knife is the motto of the defenders of the temporal power. The idea of Sacerdotal rule and direction, a far older and more subtle doctrine than that theory of the Roman primacy on which it is now made to depend, finds advocates amongst the most educated Englishmen of the present day; men who, aghast at the universal decadence of the principle of authority, have sought that principle where alone it is yet fully acknowledged in Western Europe, and have ventured their all in the fisherman's boat at the very moment when, to all men of less exalted imagination, shipwreck appeared not only certain, but imminent.

By advocates of this class the ideas of the more and the less, the choice of evils, or the admission of the partial errors of a system which may, notwithstanding such errors, contain a preponderance of truth, are altogether ignored. Abject submission is demanded, and it is demanded on

the strength, not of argument, but of assertion. "The authority by which," says Dr. Manning, "the Catholic theology meets the feebleness of reason, is the authority of a Divine Person, perpetuating by His presence and His assistance the light of the original Revelation. . . . The Roman Pontiff is Vicar of Christ in a special and exclusive sense, because he alone receives the plenitude of power neither from the Apostles, nor from Councils, but immediately from Christ."

If a claim so awful can be established, it is clear that the secular writer dares not enter the arena on which are to be won the unresisted victories of the Sacerdotal champions. Nor, in such a case, need the occupant of the Papal throne seek support from the bayonets of France, or fear the red-shirted squadrons of Garibaldi.

But is this claim proved? Is it tenable? Is it even historically self-consistent? The latter, at all events, is not a theological question. The reply demanded is not matter of argument or of opinion, but simply of research.

To the mind unbiassed by prejudice and unfettered by theory, the result of simple, honest, historic inquiry is at once clear and conclusive. If the whole venerable series of Roman bishops spoke with one consistent unfaltering voice as to their claims to the exercise of spiritual and of temporal power, the position of their advocates and disciples would be far other than that which they actually hold. It would then, at least from one point of view, be logically tenable. But when we find, as we do find, that the solemn utterances of the Roman Primates are not only inconsistent but absolutely contradictory, and that on matters of essential and vital importance, we cannot fail to perceive that the actual claims of the most ancient Christian bishop on the veneration of Christendom are fatally compromised by the advocates of the modern Ultramontane doctrines. A claim to infallible and absolute wisdom is shown to involve a self-contradiction, and is a terrible proof of something more than fallibility in the claimant. "To err is human," but to insist on freedom from all error,

not only in the absence, but in the teeth of proof, is something very opposite to the Divine.

The great "note" of the Church, or proof of the infallible wisdom supposed to reside in the See of Rome, is given us in the words *Semper ubique ab omnibus.* The two latter characteristics can of course only be supported by a wide latitude of explanatory comment; but as truth has but little relation to majorities and minorities, we may pass over any inquiry as to the relative area and populations of the countries professing the Latin, the Greek, or the Reformed Communions, and content ourselves with the simple investigation whether the claims now made by the Papacy are in accordance with its history, and whether the Roman Pontiffs are unanimous in the assertion of their Divine Vicariat.

We can know but little of the history of the Bishops of Rome if we fail to remember the twenty-nine schisms which have rent their communion. For a period of fifty years, we are told by Moroni, it was impossible for the faithful to know

which was the true Pope, the French or the Italian claimant. This writer speaks of the pain with which Baronius approaches the period of the Avignon Popes, and tells us that the only manner in which the Catholics of that time could be sure that they were not incurring the penalty of excommunication, by rejecting the true Vicar of Christ, was by reserving their obedience for *whichever was* the Canonical Pope. To know which of the two or three claimants this was, was a moot point of ecclesiastical law, and it was not essential to salvation to be a canonical lawyer. "*E percio*," says the historian, "*non saprei qual fosse Papa da Urbano VI., sino a Martino V.*"

Not only has contemporary doubt thus existed as to the true claimant of the Papal power—doubt insoluble to the ordinary Catholic for half a century at a time, and doubt raised twenty-nine times in the history of the Papacy—but we find the yet more inexplicable fact that one Pope has sometimes reversed the decrees of his predecessor, and not only has thus impeached infallible wisdom, but has

solemnly devoted his soul, so far as his power would effect that intention, to eternal torment. In the year 896 A.D., the body of Formoso, the 113th Bishop of Rome, was, forty-eight days after its burial, dragged from the tomb by his successor; the sacerdotal garments were torn from the corpse; the fingers used in giving the benediction were severed from the cold hand; the dishonoured remains were thrown into the Tiber; and excommunication was fulminated against the late Head of the Roman Church. In A.D. 897 these barbarous actions were in their turn condemned by the then succeeding Pontiff. In A.D. 898 the mutilated remains were recovered from the Tiber by order of Pope Theodore II., and restored to their resting-place in the Vatican. The foul and savage history is graced by the legend that the statues in every niche bowed as the corpse was borne through the church. This legend is not yet converted into a dogma, but it would seem to be a less formidable demand on human reason to ask belief in the sympathetic movements of sculptured saints than

to claim submission to a divine and infallible power transmitted to Alexander VI. through Formoso, Stephen VII., and Theodore II.

But the question does not rest alone on these grounds. It is hardly conceivable that a divine power should exist on earth, and yet that it should be impossible to discern which of two rival claimants was the possessor of that power. It is utterly inconceivable that each of two or three succeeding prelates, who contradicted the tenets and anathematized the persons of one another, should be divinely and infallibly wise. It is little to the point whether we hold with Formoso or with Stephen. One, at least, of those who are now spoken of as the unbroken line of the Vicar of Christ, must have been terribly fallible, and with one broken link the whole chain becomes worthless. But history gives a yet more unfaltering reply to the question "Have the Roman Pontiffs been accordant and unanimous in their claim to universal obedience?"

Saint Gregory the Great, first Roman bishop

of the name, and sixty-fifth of the long series, uses the following words in his fourth letter to John, Archbishop of Constantinople: "Call no man your father on earth. What then, dearest brother, will you say in that terrible trial of the coming Judge, when you have sought to be called by the world not only Father, but general Father? *Rex superbiæ prope est, sacerdotum ei preparatur exercitus.*"

In the face of these prophetic words of the Great Bishop (and the whole letter may be read with profit), Boniface III., says Platina (*De Vitis Pontificum Romanorum*) "*a Phoca imperatore obtinuit, magnâ tamen contentione, ut sedes S. Petri apostoli, quæ caput est omnium ecclesiarum, ita et diceretur et habeatur ab omnibus.*"

It is unnecessary to pursue the investigation, or to show from the express language of the canons of the earlier Councils how a mere honorary precedence was first accorded to the Bishops of the Imperial city *as such*, and how this question of precedence was again debated on the removal

of the seat of empire to Constantinople. Of a supreme power transmitted from Peter, of the obedience of Christendom to one primate, of a Vicariat of Christ, not one word is to be found in the earlier Christian centuries. Yet negative evidence alone would be ample to disprove a positive claim, the awful nature of which is such as to demand the utmost distinctness of proof. But when a Bishop whose name has been more venerated than that of any of his successors,—a bishop canonized by Rome herself,—cites the words of Christ to show the impiety of a claim to the visible human headship of the Church on earth, and exclaims, in reference to the mysterious warning of the Apostle; "*Rex superbiæ prope est* —the priests enlist in the armies of Antichrist!"— he gives the most authoritative and the most damnatory contradiction to the present Ultramontane claims. No words can be more diametrically opposed than are those of Saint Gregory and of Dr. Manning. Saint Gregory *may* have been right, but if so Pius IX. makes an impious

claim to the headship of Christ's Church. Pius IX. *cannot* be right, for his claim to infallibility, no less than to supremacy, involves the infallibility and the supremacy of Saint Gregory, who denies those very claims. Historic research, therefore, reduces the Papal claim to a self-contradiction in terms.

The attempt to remove, by the force of supernatural authority, the subject of the Papal power from the calm investigation of the unprejudiced searcher after truth, thus altogether breaks down. Let us pass by the great damage to their own cause which the Ultramontane doctors thus occasion. It is enough for the present inquiry that we have ascertained beyond any rational doubt that the whole political and hierarchical structure of the Romish Church is as free a subject for discussion as is that of the Italian State; that the influence, for good or for evil, on the human mind, of the Papacy, of the sacerdotal class, and of the dogmas and tenets of Rome, is a matter into which the historian is free to inquire; and that neither priest

nor prelate has any tenable ground for claiming to be the exclusive depositary of truth.

The Papacy, then, however venerable and august, is a purely human institution. We know the hour of its birth, and we can point out the phases of its development, from the time when not CHRIST but PHOCAS first gave to Boniface III. the title stigmatised by Gregory the Great as anti-Christian. It may be true—as assumed by both the friends and foes of the Papacy—that the temporal power, which was first bestowed by Pepin on the ninety-fourth Bishop of Rome, is essential to the existence of the ecclesiastical primacy. However that may be, whether or no the ten remaining Popes of the remarkable prophecy, attributed to the Irish Saint Malachi, Archbishop of Armagh from A. D. 1127 to A. D. 1148, and known at least as far back as the election of Gregory XIV. in 1590, may yet sit in the Vatican, or whether the death of Pius IX. under the protection of the British flag may prevent the next conclave from being held at Rome, the future

of the Papacy must be regarded as subject to the ordinary laws of human events. No shadow of consistent argument is adduced by the Romish advocates for the removal of their cause from the tribunal of reason. And it is on that account that Naples, Florence, and Rome, no less than London, Berlin, and Geneva, are looking with bated breath on the last agony of the Papacy.

To Englishmen at the present day the question of the decadence of the Papal power has an importance hardly secondary to that which it has assumed in Italy itself. To the generation now on the threshold of active life, the Pope is far less of a *nominis umbra* than has been the case at any previous time since the accession of the House of Hanover. The injunction, "Hear the Church," has been again and again rung forth in our hearing, not so much as the signal of controversy as in the guise of a warning blast sounded by responsible and authoritative watchmen. While the members of the various Christian communions differ to the widest extent as to the true meaning

of the term "Church," the logical aspect of the question is clear and simple. The question lies between Divine authority and private judgment. Nor does it seem possible honestly to connect the former idea with any ecclesiastical claim or institution except that of the See of Rome. That supremacy once rejected, no voice of central authority is to be heard in Christendom, and we have to look to the results of private study, and of enlightened and honest meditation, results varying from century to century, and from generation to generation, in the place of the theory of "dogma." The attempt to renew the Sacerdotal rule over the intelligence and conscience of English men and women, whether it be made consistently by the Papist, or inconsistently by him who, while holding to every Romish dogma save one, is excommunicated by Rome for that trifling exception, cannot, as history shows us, be based on the unity erroneously alleged to exist. On the fair and even grounds of wisdom or of the reverse, of the adaptation to the knowledge of the age and

of response to the wants of the human soul, it is open to the advocates of the priesthood to meet, and if they can to vanquish, their opponents. Only let them remember that Reason is, and must be, judge of the strife. In such a contest it is testimony of direct import, and to some extent of decisive might, that bears witness to what centuries of unchecked Sacerdotal rule and teaching have made of that nation which was once master of the world.

THE TRINITY OF ITALY.

I.

THE NEW MAP OF EUROPE.

THE students of chemistry, and the large class whose acquaintance with that wonderful science is limited to the admiration of those feats of natural magic which are exhibited to well-dressed audiences by the expert lecturer at some Institute or Athenæum, are familiar with the transformations wrought by the introduction of some new element into a solution or a mixture. Silently, rapidly, irresistibly, a change ensues, guided by laws unvarying in operation, but the action of which, under untried circumstances, not even the ablest chemist can anticipate. Fluids or gases take solid form. Consistency, odour, colour—every physical characteristic of the elements under experiment—is liable to change, and all that can be

foretold is, that from the receiver or from the retort will finally emerge something entirely different from that which was first put in. The change has all the novelty, but more than the permanence, of the figures in a kaleidoscope.

What the chemical student may observe in the laboratory, the historical student may detect in the political movements of the day. Fresh elements have been introduced under our very eyes into that great agglomeration of human interests that goes to make up the framework of society. To say nothing of the fierce effervescence that is going on in the new world—to say nothing of the ill-understood influences that are transforming the condition of the Turanian, the Indian, and the African races,—we have but to cast a glance over the map of Europe, as we read the foreign news of a single week, to see how active is the transition of which we are the actual witnesses. New phases of science, new means of intercourse, new ideas as to the rules of social life, are everywhere displacing the old forms of political equilibrium. History itself undergoes a change. In ancient times the

monarch was the State; he made war or peace; he gave tranquillity to his subjects, or drove them to labour or to battle. The history of events was thus bound up in the biography of kings, and the personal character of a sovereign, with the outline of any thrilling event of his reign, is all that is presented to our view in the pages of the oldest historians. With the writings of Voltaire, even with those of Bacon, a gradual change commenced in the character of history. The state and habits of the people became a main subject of research. We began to look less at the mere outline of facts, the annals of successful contest, or the arguments affecting a doubtful succession, than at the broad human interest that underlay all these transitory questions, the state of the masses of the people, the condition of woman and the esteem which she commanded, the theory and practice of education. In the present day, while the diminution, or rather the extinction of Royal power is one of the most marked features of the time, we are too much inclined to disregard what that power once was, what yet, where it lingers amongst us, it professes

to be. So long as there is a sole executive, call it by what name you will, the character of the individual who for the time grasps the sceptre or the sword is as essential an element in determining the course of events as is any condition of national life. Events, after all, are for the most part only human actions, and although the actions of men are pretty generally as blindly swayed by sympathy or sudden impulse as are those of a flock of sheep, there yet needs the first communication of that impulse from some individual mind, the rush or the leap of the bell-wether that the flock instinctively follow. Thus the old historians are justified, and history, if it be reduced to a few lines per century, is properly reduced to biography. At the present time it has been the will of some half dozen individuals which, acting indeed upon prepared material, has opened a new chapter in history, and is remodelling the map of Europe.

The tendency of that modification it needs no prophet to detect. Questions of time and of detail, such as when the Iberian Peninsula shall be consolidated into one State, and whether Belgium shall

be annexed to France or to Germany, are not to be solved by anticipation. But the general tendency of the people of Europe to agglomerate in groups, which will probably, in the first instance, form the great masses drawn together by the forces of geographical position or of ethnographical affinity, all but the purblind can observe. Of the five insular and peninsular States, the need for this political consolidation is, perhaps, most strikingly displayed among those Scandinavian peoples whose simple habits and antique virtues most indispose them to the gabble of the newspaper politician and the theory of the Chamber statesman. The last year or two have shown that neither right nor virtue has power to bar the way of political theft and fraud, when the robbers have the more fatal artillery, and the Scandinavian peoples have before them the choice of union or of being devoured piecemeal. Africa may reach, in some respects it does reach, to the Pyrenees and to the Tronto, or almost to the Po, but the people of the Iberian Peninsula will not always be content with a virtual exclusion from the comity of nations. Portugal,

which has doubled her national debt within the last ten years, and Spain, which, with the undisguised aim of increasing her own, is about to adopt the heroic remedy of promising to pay interest on about a quarter of that which she has long since borrowed, and long since, also, repudiated, will be forced to some extent into the track of the commercio-political movement of the day. So strong is the power of agglomeration among the Hellenic people, that the beneficial connection with a wealthy and well paying government has been abandoned by the Ionian Islanders for union with the little knot of patriots and of intriguers that can scarcely be distinguished, at the distance of half the Continent, from the other Klephts of Greece. The final explosion, on the field of Sadowa, of that simulation of the Germanic Empire which the House of Hapsburg have wasted sixty years in endeavouring to consolidate from their incongruous hereditary dominions, has to a great extent cleared the way for the constitution of Germany, as well as for the replacement in Europe of the ancient and famous kingdom of Hungary.

When the mantle and crown of St. Stephen were but the other day solemnly imposed on the head of the House of Lorraine, the King of Hungary must almost have blushed at the thought of the modern and unmeaning name by which his race had striven for more than half a century to hide from themselves and from their subjects the lesson taught and the fate wrought out by the cannon of Austerlitz. Of the interior of France, of her immediate future on the impending death of the very clever *litterateur* who traded so well on a great name that was not his own, it is difficult to form an accurate opinion. That education has been studiously perverted from the lessons of history, and that all that could be done to corrupt a people by luxury, and to unfit them for freedom, has been studiously attempted for the past fifteen years, we suppose few are disposed to doubt. But under all circumstances of change or of misfortune, the homogeneous unity of France is one of the fixed points of the European map. The direction therefore in which the eye of the statesman or of the philanthropist turns with

most inquietude as the map of Europe lies open before him is the newly constituted kingdom of Italy. Can those dry bones live? Can anything approaching to the re-construction of that which was once the mightiest dominion upon earth take place in modern Europe? Can the King of Italy take rank as one of the ten members of the modern Congress?

No man who desires the reputation of being wise, with any sure pretensions to such a distinction, will think of giving a prompt or confident answer to this momentous question. Its solution must involve that of the most knotty problems of the day. The persistent characteristics of race, the force and value of different forms of political government, the influence, politically regarded, for good or for evil, of the most ancient form of Religion surviving in Europe, the relative influence of the intelligence and of the moral sentiments on the course of social action and of national life—all these and many other questions are involved in the great task of the "making" of Italy. It must therefore be a contribution of some value to

the future history of Europe to open a chapter of the recent history of Italy, regarded from a special point of view, to retrace some of the steps which have led Victor Emmanuel to Florence, to see what Southern Italy was, and what she is, while we are asking what Italy herself may be, and what will be the Europe of which that lovely and famous peninsula, although constituting but one thirty-fifth part in area, is the second state in density of population, containing one-eleventh of the European population, and owing more than an eleventh of the European national debt.

II.

WHO THE ITALIANS ARE.

THE holders of the class of opinions dignified by the title of liberal philosophy disbelieve in blood. To a certain extent, indeed, the mighty influence of descent and of parentage is owned by modern science as a branch of natural history under the name of Ethnology. That a full-blood Mexican Indian will act, under given circumstances, in a different manner from a German or an Englishman, we have rather recent demonstration. That the prized, if somewhat clumsy, institutions to which the Anglo-Saxon race cling with hereditary fondness are not the best adapted to the genius of a Celtic people, we have been slow to learn from lessons that have periodically occurred in Ireland since the time of Strongbow. That there is a principle, which no education, at least within the limit of human life, can eradicate, which influences thought and habit, forms or

transforms institutions, varies indeed in its effects with varieties of climate and of circumstance, but gives a unity to national existence which resembles the unity of individual life at successive periods of age, may be denied by the theorist, but is well known to the observer of mankind. How far this principle may extend, with what minuteness of detail it may influence society, how far the influence of descent may, where it can be traced, affect the moral as well as the physical idiosyncracy, is not the present question. But that, for good or for evil, the pedigree of a people is an element of no little weight in their character, and that the history of the past, when known, has great influence on the action of the present, we may perhaps be allowed to take for granted.

In regarding the Italian people, those will therefore greatly err who leave out of sight either the known characteristics of their blood, or the effect on the popular imagination of the great history of the past. Gaul, Britain, Germany, were covered with impenetrable forests when Italy was the

centre of a civilisation equal in polish and in corruption, if inferior in cynicism, to that of our own times and capitals. The barbarian hordes, who were the ancestors of the greater part of the English people, were only temporary intruders in Southern Italy. The Gothic features and forms may be traced in the heavy limbs and harsh voices of the Lombards; but in Southern Italy not only do we look in vain for abiding traces of northern blood, but each city, each *paese*, preserves its own special stamp. You will come suddenly on a town, such as Sessa or Ariano, where the beauty of the women is so great as to arrest the most unimaginative of travellers, and you may do so in the midst of a day's journey through a country peopled by hags, or at best by common-place women, on either side. At Sorrento the women bind their hair diadem-wise over their heads, and carry their brows with the same regal port and the same stare, like a startled fawn, that you trace on the pictured walls of Pompeii. In some of the cities of Magna Grecia you will find women of that Junonian port which Aristotle naively re-

marks on as the first excellence of a woman—size. In Bitonto scarce a house exists that is not a palace —but this is a nest of middle-age nobles, modern in the classic heraldry of Italy. Sforzas, and dei Medici, and Colonnas and Orsini, Dukes and Princes of Parma, Tuscany, Modena, Canino, are but of modern growth compared to the De Rohan, tracing lineage and holding lands from the ancient kings of Bretagne, to the De Montmorency, with the cry, "*Dieu aide au premier chretien*," to the De Polignac, tracing lineage to the time when the name of Apollo yet lingered on the site of the true God's temple. But in Italy, when the men have names at all, which is by no means the rule, they are names of which the sound has echoed in those regions for more than two thousand years. You wish to take a house in Naples for the season, and the contract for the purpose has been drawn up by a Menennius. The nomen of the great Pompeius is familiar in the peninsula opposite Naples. One of the most promising statesmen recently lost by Italy was Valerio —one of the Valerii. These men may, or may

not, know less of the history of their own land than does an Oxford tutor; they are for the most part so prejudiced and so ill informed as to be able to smile quietly at that German criticism which has been graciously pleased to allow that modern Rome may possibly have some indistinct relation to the City of the Cæsars, although it proves, from its own resources, that there never was any Romulus, and never any regal Rome. The legendary and traditional past has a mighty effect on the Italian of to-day. Names that have been famous when Christianity was not, indispose their bearers to over-ready alacrity in receiving the doctrines of modern polity, or the advice of mushroom friends of Italy.

Thus with a vanity which, especially in the younger men, is far more restless and devouring than that displayed by the women of any nation under heaven, there is blended in many instances the pith of an hereditary pride which, whether it take the form of noble self-reliance or of hopeless and incorrigible stupidity, is an ever-present element in the Italian character—an element ill-

understood by the Englishman, purposely outraged by the German, but which has to be reckoned with by those who have to deal with the future of Italy.

With the inheritance of a pride which may be either heroic or ridiculous, blended as it is with a vanity which may in some measure be the result of that long tyranny which has for centuries kept the Italian youth in intellectual as well as social bondage, are combined two other fatal evils; the one, perhaps, as old and as widespread as human nature itself; the other, we will not say the offspring of the form that Christianity has assumed in Italy, but certainly co-existing with that form, and unknown, as it at present exists, in pagan times, excepting only when paganism was passing into infidelity.

The first of these is the intense jealousy that exists between town and town, between country and country, between man and man. To mention this is to recall the history of the Middle Ages. But the form taken by the vice is now incomparably more dangerous to the political life of Italy than

any amount of inter-municipal rivalry. Under due restraint such a spirit of rivalship forms a strong incentive to action. If one town will bar the progress of a road across its district because its neighbours will reap the benefit of the communication, it will, from the same spirit of rivalry, strive to improve its own port, or to build its own pier. But in the Italy of to-day the spirit of local rivalry is chiefly manifested in a passive form. It is non-intercourse which is produced by local jealousy—the ignoring, so far as possible, of neighbouring powers, not the effort to outshine them. But the individual essence of the feeling is far more active, and lies at the root of all the misfortunes of Italy since 1860, and since dates long anterior to 1860. It is the universal habit and tendency of every man, almost without a single exception, to pull down any neighbour who seems to be making his way in the world. Italians, like other men, are aware of the value of the good things of life. A rich man is a power in Italy—not a power as he is in London or in Paris—but still a power. But the Italians possess a rare faculty

of opposing power of any kind without rendering themselves prominently obnoxious to its possessors. The attack is by way of countermine. Rarely does an Italian, except when urged by that strong excitement under which all southern races at times lose the power of self-control, speak openly ill of another. Least of all will he speak ill of the man he is most anxious to injure. The most calculated and long-prepared attack usually commences with the assertion that its object is a very good person, "molto buono," admirable in all respects, except the very one in which at the moment the success of a life may be bound up. It is thus in society, it is thus in commerce, it is thus in political life. Let there be a man who rises above that fatal love of ease to which the climate predisposes all,—who tries to benefit his country by first doing his own work, and attending to his own profit, and he becomes, in proportion as he should command respect, the object of the only combined effort in which Italians seem always to succeed, the effort to destroy. How many careers have been crushed, how many hearts have been broken, under this

invariable and irresistible envy, none can calculate. In the Chambers it is to this spirit, and to this alone, that the fall of ministry after ministry may be traced. One man seemed for a time to rise above it, and the steady passive resistance that broke his heart is thought not to have been Italian in its origin; but to the prestige of Cavour there has been no successor. It is sufficient to hold the seals of office to become the mark for common attack. Not that honest though vulgar party attack that tries to put A out that B may have his place, but the envious jealousy that seeks to pull down A merely because he is up, and though his fall will not only do no good to B, but will lose a year to the country. It is difficult to see what hope there can be for Italy so long as this spirit is the presiding genius of the Chambers. That it has ever been so, and ever is, the history of every ministry and of every measure furnishes ample proof. To take office in Italy is a sure road to personal humiliation, and, unfortunately, in the constantly repeated humiliation of her ephemeral Governors, it is Italy herself that is the

chief sufferer. In the former kingdom of the Two Sicilies, a set of clerks under orders from the one master at Caserta governed the country after some sort. The taxes were collected, the roads were safe, the people, who kept clear of politics and fasted in Lent, were fairly well off The best men that Italy can boast under a parliamentary regime, reigned over by a king whose action is unimpeachably constitutional, can do nothing but drift and founder. The great obstacle to the "making" of Italy is the character of the Chamber of Deputies. The cause of the impracticable character of the Chamber of Deputies is, that to govern a country there must be a ministry, that the portfolios of any ministry must be held by some individuals or other, and that the acceptance of a portfolio by any individual is the sure and certain sign for a combined effort to oust and ruin the luckless servant of his country.

In face of a great national weakness of this magnitude, which, unless controlled in some unforeseen manner, bids fair to render parliamentary government in Italy as odious as it has hitherto

proved inefficient, it seems hard upon a nation that has so much in it that is admirable, to speak of the third great Scourge of the country. It would be the more desirable to be silent on this head, because the plain truth has not only a very ugly aspect in itself, but one which will be likely to be received or contradicted according to the theological bias of the hearer. It is necessary to disclaim any sidelong attack on the most ancient existing rite of the Christian faith. In a political inquiry, truth can only be sought by one who, for the time being, not only stands impartially between Romanist and Lutheran, but between Christian and Jew, Turk and Pagan. In each form of faith will be found certain tenets and certain habits that have a direct social influence. It is with that social influence alone that the upright political writer has to do. Let him be fervent in his faith or sublime in his pyrrhonism, when he enters the witness-box or jury-box he is bound only to deal with what udicially comes to his knowledge on the actual matter in hand.

It is then a fact that truth is not prized, or at

least not practised, in Italy. This is acknowledged by the law, in which written evidence of some sort is for the most part absolutely necessary. Oral testimony is discredited by all the forms of Italian law. It is so in the Church. Among the questions put in confession no inquiry is made as to falsehood—the error, if such it be, is considered venial. And as the great difference between the ancient and the modern faith consists in the change of the character of the sanction of the moral code, the substitution of a future, invisible, eternal chastisement, avoidable only by the intercession of a celestial and terrestrial hierarchy, for the fear of the prompt, visible, just retribution that was held before the age of the Cæsars to attend crime in this life, there can be no doubt that any venial fault that is found convenient will be freely practised. In point of fact, no man believes his fellow. The forms of speech avouch this odious fact, whether in the repeated assertion and asseveration on the smallest topic, or in the more subtle and prolix arguments constantly resorted to to show that a statement *must* be true, or that the speaker has no

interest in deception. As a rule in Italy, information as to fact can be obtained by eye-sight alone. It is inconvenient, but, after all, it is fully understood on all hands that such is the case.

Now with these cruel defects—defects which each day shows to be increasingly prevalent among ourselves—there is so much in the Italian character to excite admiration and love, that those who have long lived in that sunny clime shun to dwell on such painful truth. Englishmen become more Italianised than the Italians themselves. With the vices of the national character—and we have not exhausted the list—how much is there of admirable virtue. What people have so subtle a wit, so penetrating an insight? wit, not in the Gothic sense of humour, but in the true and larger sense. By how trivial an indication is the Italian saved the rudeness of boring you with a question. How instinctively does he perceive the bearings of the case. His habit of not attending to the obvious sense of the words you utter, but of endeavouring to detect an inner meaning, gives him a wonderful diplomatic education. To our

ruder notions, indeed, to say nothing of the moral influence, there is loss of time and waste of power thus occasioned; but that the cultivation of the intelligence is thus raised to a very high pitch, there can be no doubt. An Italian will for the most part divine your errand before you speak. If, indeed, you are an Englishman known to him he will, after sufficient experience of your candour, treat you with almost the like. But if you be a stranger or a fellow-countryman, how tortuous and cautious will be his approach to the simplest transaction.

A countryman, with an aged cloak hung toga-wise over his shoulder, stalks with unconcerned air by the shop of a general vendor of provisions. Within, seated at his ease, seeming to think of nothing less than of business, sits the owner, his position barring the entrance of his *bottega*. A kind of start, and a loud expression of surprise and of pleasure, comes from the visitor. "Spettabile Don Gennaro, how long it is since I have seen you." "Stimatissimo Don Giovanino, what a pleasure! take the trouble to come in." "A thou-

sand thanks; but I am going to Carotta." "And how is all with you up in the mountains?" "Not so bad, thank the saints. How do you find trade?" (First parallel opened.) "Very bad, dear Don Giovanino, very bad!—what times!" "What times indeed, as you say. Apropos, what is the price of oil?" (Oh, thinks the other, he wants to do some business, perhaps he has wheat to sell.) "Oil, dear Don Giovanino: you see the oil trade is in that condition that the price is here to-day and there to-morrow." "Ah, truly, Don Gennaro, and is it rising or falling?" "Hard to say, Don Giovanino, if it were my father that asked." "True, true, and the next crop still uncertain. Well, I salute you, worthy Don Gennaro." "All the saints accompany you, dear Don Giovanino." "By the bye, you have not any bacon?" "Not any." "I thought I saw a flitch just there." "Truly so, but it is sold—at least it *is* sold, but the gentleman has not come to pay for it." "So you could spare a few rotoli." "Well *to you* I might." "And the price?" "Do you want some?" "Well, that depends." "Do you want it for yourself or for

any one else?" "Well, it all depends on the price —not that I want it at all, but it caught my eye. Addio, Don Gennaro."

To complete the conversation would occupy more space than the reader will care to find devoted to the subject; but the upshot is, that after some forty or fifty minutes devoted to this sort of beating about the bush, the man in the cloak buys the stone of bacon that he had come expressly to purchase, and, after the correction of two small errors in calculating the exact price and in balancing the change, makes off with it, so carefully concealed in some hidden receptacle under his cloak that no one can detect his burden.

Not only are these men diplomatists from the cradle, but they are born actors. Watch any groupe slowly pacing along the street, watch any encounter at the Café or at the corner. Pantomime so expressive as that which accompanies the voluble flow of speech is never seen on any stage but one—that of the Policinello theatre at Naples. Truly if speech is used by any to conceal thought, gesture is given to express it. Ascertain the

subject of conversation and you can tell by the eye alone the parts taken by the speakers. Not only does there exist a perfect alphabet of signals —a real set of phonetics, so to speak, in the living hieroglyphic language—by means of which distinct conversation can be carried on from a distance as plainly, and far more rapidly, than Englishmen can spell with their fingers, but there is further a set of determinatives, accompanying and enforcing the spoken words, which constitute almost a language in themselves. Tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, all are native in Southern Italy. Elsewhere they may be cultivated, here they spring from the soil in indigenous vigour. No one can form an idea of the expressiveness of which pantomime is capable who has not seen Policinello at Naples.

With these marvellous gifts of penetration and of expression are blended for the most part a kindly nature and an inborn courtesy. The Italian rarely treads on your corns. Respect his vanity, and he will not only respect but caress yours in return. If the true mark of gentle breeding be the avoidance of giving pain to others, Italians, as

a rule, are gently bred. They avoid instinctively that which annoys you. Of course you will meet with those in every station of life, from the duke to the beggar, who seem to take a pleasure in a coarse self-assertion that is the very negative of breeding. But these men are the exception. You have to search your memory for examples. Nor are they more popular with their countrymen than they are agreeable to strangers. A discourteous man is hardly regarded as a true compatriot. He is likely to be looked on as a person who is trying to act the character of an exceptionally honest man, and who over-does the part. Incivility, always a mistake, is felt in Italy to be one of Talleyrand's blunders—more unpardonable than crimes.

A native courtesy which will invest the offer of a glass of cold water from a peasant with a grace not always to be found in the most gilded drawing-room in London, may of course not be exclusively the offspring of virtue. But it is in itself a social virtue, and one, moreover, that eminently tends to the enjoyment of life. Good

men may be discourteous, but they are so far deficient in worth. Bad men may be courteous, but their courtesy, even if it be made a bad use of, is in itself an excellence. But beside the natural acuteness and considerate disposition which are elements in Italian courtesy, another cause of gentle manners is to be found in the social state of the people. Every one is at ease. The shoddy principle has not yet mastered the peninsula—the uneasy, self-asserting, quarrelsome idea, "I am as good as you—and a good deal better." The feudal system was existing in Naples within the century. The distinction of classes is so marked that no one thinks of over-stepping it. The noble knows that his blood is respected by the peasant, and he can therefore afford to treat the peasant as an equal—sure that by his very condescension he will only increase his respect. The peasant knows that he will not be suspected of thinking himself a *signor;* he therefore can, and does, meet the gentry with a simple, noble frankness. In the country places and among the old nobility, you will find relics of the old Roman

simplicity, refined by the perfect polish which from the Papal court has descended through the ranks of the hierarchy. Meet one of the old nobility, with a proper introduction, and he or she calls you at once by your surname. To the peasant the manner of the noble is that of a friend —to his own class it is that of a brother. The influence of this admitted distinction of ranks has the happiest effect on the army. Young men of baronial and ducal names have, during the stirring times of the last seven years, enlisted freely as private soldiers, especially in the cavalry. Under the rigorous discipline of the Sub-Alpine command, these men, nursed often in luxury, have fulfilled all the duties of their position. Soldiers in the field, in the tent, in the stable, the next file never forgets that his neighbour is a *signor*. Under fire together they are brothers, but the relationship is that of the foster-brothers of former times in our own country; the affection is present—but it is that of respect on the one hand and of kindly condescension on the other. The result is the elevation of the tone of the entire army. One

touches one's hat instinctively, and justly, to the Italian soldier, not because he is braver than another—all nations can produce brave soldiers—but because in the comradeship of military life he catches the tone of a gentleman.

III.

HOW THE ITALIANS ARE EDUCATED.

In appreciating the influence on the social life of a nation of those more salient points of individual character to which reference has been made, it is necessary to consider the nature and the effect of the education under which the present generation of men has grown up from childhood. Two main elements have originated this system of education, the political system of the kings of the House of Bourbon, and the theological system of the Roman Catholic clergy. For more than a century past these two systems have wrought together in perfect harmony.

In speaking of the Bourbon kings of Naples it is proper to beware of being misled by the name of the illustrious lineage which they claim. However true, or however questionable, be the descent of the First and of the Second Ferdinand of Naples from the line of St. Louis, their method and system

of government is not to be compared with that of the French Sovereigns. The Neapolitan Bourbons are Spanish in character and in origin. The laborious and minute personal superintendence of every incident of local administration to which the Second Ferdinand devoted daily so many hours, did not resemble the work of Louis XIV. with Louvois, but was a repetition of the painful cabinet toil of Philip II. of Spain. The marks of the Spanish dominion are strongly traced in Southern Italy. The main street of Naples, one of the busiest thoroughfares in the world, the Toledo, takes its name from its constructor, the infamous Duke of Alva, the man of iron and of blood. Every man in Naples yet addresses his neighbour by the Spanish title of Don. The formal Spanish etiquette regulated the Court, so long as the Court existed in Naples, and on any public appearance of the sovereign two of the high officers of state were accustomed to "make the statues," that is to say, to stand erect and motionless, not moving either eye or limb, as part of the insignia of majesty. The comparatively small size of the

Sicilian dominions enabled a monarch who did not shrink from the necessary labour, to know pretty fully all that was going on. The minutest particular required his sanction. The ministers not only took his orders, but often found that the subjects to which they referred were more intimately understood by their master than by themselves. A municipality could not widen or straighten a road without the permission of the Sovereign. In all portions of the Continental dominions this personal influence was felt ; not a man was there who did not live under the impression that the King knew all about him, and that grief would come to him if he did not walk straight in the King's path. Whatever disadvantage attended the government of a kingdom in a mode resembling the management of an estate by a very active and energetic proprietor, at least peace and good order resulted from the system. Brigandage had entirely disappeared under the rule of Ferdinand II. Travelling was not encouraged; passports were necessary in order to go from province to province, and if a resident at Bari or at

Lecce wished to visit Naples, he had first to obtain permission of the Prefect, who, if there were any doubt in his mind as to the perfect propriety of granting the request, would not do so without first taking the order of the King. "What!" said the Prefect of Foggia, at a meeting in his residence in which it was discussed whether the main line of railway from Naples to Brindisi should be carried through that city, or whether a loop only should be constructed to serve the local traffic, while the main route should be somewhat shorter, and should not enter the precincts of the town—"What! do you think I shall allow a train of passengers to pass through this province without stopping to have all the passports examined by my officers?" But on obtaining the permission of the local authorities the difficulties of the travellers vanished. The main routes were as safe by night as by day, and that ancient curse of Italy, now again so rampant in the former kingdom of the Two Sicilies and in the Patrimony of St. Peter, had altogether disappeared. It is difficult for an Englishman to conceive a state of things in which he

would be obliged to seek for and to obtain the permission of the lord lieutenant of the county before he could travel from Oxford to London. But when King Ferdinand was at Gaeta it required an order signed by one of the Ministers to enable a traveller to pass through Capua, in order to reach the vicinity of the famous fortress. Instances of this kind may serve to show the very real and tangible character of the paternal government of the Neapolitan Bourbons.

Curiously enough, the royal supervision seemed to exchange functions with the pastoral care of the clergy. In the large towns the chief functions of police may be considered to have been performed by the *mouchards*—men in plain clothes, who, in fact, were nothing but spies, and who were regarded with undissembled terror. Little ecclesiastical transgressions—the eating of flesh on fast days, for example—were understood to be particularly abhorrent to the piety of the King, and to be sure sooner or later to come to his knowledge and to provoke some unexpected retribution from his ever active power. On the other hand the

sermons, the confessionals, the social influence of the clergy, were all at the absolute devotion of the State. If any revolutionary or even undutiful notions so far fermented in any Neapolitan brain as to take the daring expression of language, the offender had to come to an explanation with the priest. The terrors of both worlds were invoked in support of things as they were. The clergy were content with their wealth, content with their social consideration. The peasants fell on their knees when the cocked hat of the coachman of an archbishop came in sight, and snatched the hand of *parroco* or of monk, not to shake but to kiss. Their powerful influence was therefore unhesitatingly thrown into the scale of the royal authority. King Ferdinand, whether by conviction or by policy no one knew—perhaps not even himself, paid the utmost external reverence to the clergy. He prostrated his portly form at full length on the sands of Gaeta before the Pope, when his Holiness fled from Rome and availed himself of the hospitality of one of the few ancient sovereigns who, although not decorated with the title of Christian, or Faith-

ful, or Catholic, or Apostolic, evinced a devotion to the Church more marked than any which in former times had caused those sounding appellations.

Of education, as the word would be understood in France or in Germany—for the word does not appear to be distinctly understood, or at least to have any generally agreed on sense assigned to it, in England—there was but little trace. Clerical seminaries there were many, in which young men were trained to be priests. Beyond that clear and definite dogmatic training, the possession of which gives such a thorough unity to the teaching of every member of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, the priests in general had but little information. It was not always clear from what source they derived the knowledge, other than that which was strictly functional, which they communicated to their flock. Such, for instance, as that England was a country noted for its poverty, where the mass of the people went barefoot, and subsisted on potatoes, because of their obstinate and wicked Protestantism. Protestants were people who be-

lieved neither in God, the Virgin, nor the Saints, and who utterly renounced the Apostles' Creed. In those sea-board towns where some little commerce in oil, in sulphur, or in wheat, had taken the captains of trading vessels to Swansea, to Newcastle, or to Liverpool, these statements were confronted by the actual experience of the navigators. It was, however, only with bated breath and in certain society that these men, the only persons of any information, would venture on any statements corrective of the general and orthodox view. With the nobles, some slight acquaintance with Latin—not a severe discipline for an Italian—and more or less music, formed the depth of education. History was not encouraged. Geography was little known. The English language was not unfrequently taught, and the Italians have a partiality to the study and facility in acquiring the tongue. French is understood and spoken by most of the gentry. It is positively stated—although it is not within the absolute knowledge of the writer—that for the purpose of the education of King Francis II. special books of history

were written, in which events were recorded not as they actually occurred, but as they ought to have occurred according to the theory of Monsignor the Director of Education. The account above referred to of the manner in which the poor English starved upon potatoes might have been taken from one of the works of the special educational series prepared for this latest collateral descendant of the Dauphin for whom Fenelon wrote.

The prelate who had the charge of the education of this prince when Duke of Calabria, was afterwards promoted or exiled to a country archbishopric. In his lovely little Cathedral city he reigned supreme, vexed only by the occasional orgies held by a royal personage in a charming villa in the neighbourhood, as to which Monsignor more than once made representations to the King. The peasants, as before mentioned, fell on their knees in the road when the prelate's carriage came in sight, and remained kneeling till the tall cocked hats of the footmen disappeared amid the olives in the distance. The archbishop blessed his kneeling flock with three uplifted fingers as he

passed, and if he met with English tourists on his daily drive—and his city derived much of its support from these tourists—he evaded the difficulty of noticing any who did *not* kneel to him by closing his eyes, literally as well as figuratively.

One of the many pastoral exhortations of this distinguished prelate—the same whose catechism is quoted by Mr. Gladstone—may be taken as an embodiment of the education which he thought fit for the poor of his diocese. On occasion of a confirmation, when all the rites of the Church had been gone through, and each catechumen had made the offering of a waxen taper, and received in return an engraving of the patron saint of the little archiepiscopal city, the prelate, seated on his throne, gave an epitome of the Christian's duty. Without giving verbatim a discourse marked by the dignity of a mitred prelate speaking, crosier in hand, from his throne, and not devoid of the usual ornate eloquence of Italian diction, it is possible to sum up in few words the body of his exhortation. "You have taken upon you to-day," he said, "the discharge of the duties of Christians,

which no longer will be fulfilled for you by your God-parents. It is necessary for you to understand and constantly remember what these duties are, and not only so, but faithfully to practise them. Christian duty consists, first, in obedience and respect to your clergy. Secondly, in reverence for the Saints, which is shown by abstaining from work on fête days. Thirdly, by performing your duty to God by paying all proper dues to the priests. Bear these three points in mind, and not only remember but practise them, and all will go well with you. You may hope to live happily in this life, blest with a good conscience and enjoying the benefit of the prayers of the Church, and the constant protection of the holy Saints. And when death comes, you will not be found unprepared, but may surely hope, at some future time, through the intercession of your patron saints, for admission to Paradise. Neglect, on the contrary, these primary Christian duties—disobey and despise your parochial clergy; neglect the fête days and dishonour the Saints by working on them, and rob God by neglecting to pay the

Church her dues, and not only will you sow trouble to reap in this life, not only will you live unhappily and dishonoured, but when you die, when you come before the Great Judge, not only will you meet His frown, not only will the Blessed Mother of Mercy avert her face from you, but the very patron of your city, Saint Antonino himself, will say—'O Lord, regard not these sinners on my behalf. It is true they come from my city, and might have been thought therefore entitled to my protection, but they have done nothing to deserve it—they have both followed and set bad examples, they have been disobedient to the clergy, they have neglected my fête and those of other saints, they have robbed my cathedral and clergy by neglecting to make offerings. Spare them not, Lord, on my account—I have no word to say on their behalf.' Where will you find yourselves then?" concluded the archbishop.

The above is neither a fancy nor an exaggerated picture; it is as faithful and accurate a representation of an actual episcopal address as could be given

by anything but a short-hand report. And this man, whatever his own amount of education—and he had arrived at the mitre from a very humble birth—was well aware how to touch the heart of his people. An address that he gave on another occasion, when he represented to the children of a country parish how they would reply to their pastors, "We don't care about being good, we don't care about going to heaven; we like to play, and to lie in the sun, and to sing, and to have plenty to eat—that is what we care about," evinced that full appreciation of the habits and feelings of those whom he addressed that has always proved a powerful element in the sway exercised by the clergy over the rural population.

Fanatical lovers of the picturesque, men who regard things exclusively from an artistic standpoint, will sigh to learn that this charming little bit of the middle ages has vanished. Sweeping change has come over the picturesque Cathedral city. The ancient walls, rare and well-preserved specimens of fortification as military art executed defences before the time of Vauban, have been

pierced to allow a new road to be cut through the very heart of the place. Down have come quaint old houses, intermural gardens, structures that had stood so long that they must have thought change was not for them, for the unromantic purpose of making way for a carriage road considerably wider than the old seven-feet gauge of the principal streets. The fine shaded boulevard outside the walls—a green area that would be a glacis if it were not level, but that evidently was formed for the purpose of depriving assailants of cover when a fierce fire of shaft and bolt should be opened on them from the loopholes of the quaint towers that project like the pylone of some Egyptian temple—is bridged over and partially destroyed by the obtrusive new road. The ruinous foot-bridge of three arches, which every tourist made a point of sketching, leading into the curious gate-house, on which stands the effigy of one of the patron saints of the town, and which in due season is covered with the purple branches of luxuriant wild capers, is doubtless doomed to prosaic repair. The Jesuit fathers have been chased from their sea-side paradise.

Ancient burghers of the town strut about in new-fangled kepi, with ponderous muskets pointed with murderous bayonets, or great horsemen's swords that burden their diminutive forms. It is the national guard of the Piano. Not a soul now pays adoration to the ancient equipage of the archbishop. The footmen's cocked hats, and the coachman's three-cocked hat are no more seen towering over the vines. The Director of Education has come to grief. When a king arose who knew not Joseph, a new reign inaugurated by a lion-visaged man who at once shocked all the dearest prejudices of the people, and built himself a throne in their hearts, Monsignor ceased to take his daily drives, and devoted himself to study and to prayer, or at all events to indoor occupation —or idleness. But the quiet did not last. Rude men came by night with loud voices and gleaming bayonets—they entered the precinct of the cathedral, passed the old Roman altars and quaint inartistic reliefs of pre-Christian times that are stored in a sort of out-of-door museum under the shadow of the archiepiscopal palace, and knocked authorita-

tively at the door. Needs must to open, for they knocked in the name of the law. The majesty of the Church had to bow to the parvenu power of the State. Monsignor was bundled into his coach, four or five grimly-armed national guards, sharing the honour of the interior, mounting, with bayonets fixed, one on either side of the coachman, pairing bayonet and kepi with the drooping curves of the footmen's hats; and so off they drove to Naples and to prison, whence after a short abode, characterised by the want of accusation, want of proof, and want of justice that ruled the hour, Monsignor made his way to Marseilles, and so to Rome. His scheme of education, carried out entirely in his own way, had not borne the fruits for which he had so blandly and so sedulously cultivated it.

What may have grieved the Archbishop and many of his brethren most, what may even have greatly astonished them, was, that with change of Government, change of law, change—if not of religion, yet of all the ancient signs of reverence for the ministers of religion—there did not seem to

be any great change of persons. The principles of the Vicar of Bray were known and acted on in this part of the world. Of course there were exceptions, some of the most obnoxious of the *mouchards* experienced a retribution which they had long provoked. But instances of the kind were rare, far rarer than would have been expected by those who know the Italian idea of *vendetta*. Men's minds, it is true, were altogether unaltered by the rapid whirl of events—there to-day, gone to-morrow; no one knew in whose hands would be the whip on the third day. But the most violent and devoted loyalists became, somehow or other, often the most energetic "Italians." Political tendency had been much indicated from 1848 to 1859 by the cut of the beard. A clean shaved face like a priest, or a clean shaved face with whiskers, such as were worn in England before neckcloths disappeared, were the outward and visible signs that the love of the House of Bourbon burned brightly in the wearer. A moustache was allowed, and in some cases was highly proper; but a shaven chin was indispensable, and any

obstinate or unlucky individual who allowed his beard to grow over the inch or two below his mouth was pretty sure to receive a visit from the police, an order to repair to the barber, and a little bill for being shaved by superior orders, but at his own expense. But with the decadence of the House of Bourbon a fashion was introduced of just the opposite mode of trimming the beard and its appendages. The old busts and portraits of the Counts and Dukes of Savoy are marked by a heavy moustache and a thick, pointed beard, something like that worn by King Charles I. of England. When King Victor Emanuel visited England he was distinguished by the gigantic moustache that hung over his uniform like a pair of fox's tails, the beard being removed from the chin, so that, while the hair was natural, the moustache was artificial. The King's moustaches were singed in the campaign of 1859, and either from this cause, or as a mark of opposition to the regulation inch of clear chin, his Majesty adopted the style of his ancestor Testa di Ferro—shaven cheek, full moustache, pointed beard. As soon as

the police ceased to have power over beards, this style became prevalent in Naples. Its adoption was the expression of devotion to the Italian cause; the perfectly untrimmed beard rather denoted the extreme or republican party. The transformation, particularly when effected in the person of elderly men, was remarkably amusing. The most devoted Bourbonists, known by their clean faces and neat whiskers, reappeared as the *Italianissimi* of the Italians, with clean cheeks and Savoyard imperials. Any other expression of change of opinion could be even more rapidly adopted.

IV.

A GLIMPSE AT ITALIAN SOCIETY.

A PECULIARITY in the social life of Southern Italy is the absence of a middle class. The elements exist that form the middle classes in other countries, but they are yet in a chaotic state. The feudal law is not so long repealed as to allow any other line of demarcation to be drawn than that between noble and not noble. The condition for admission to the balls of the Academia, the best re-union of good society in Naples, is—nobles, or foreigners presented by their ambassadors. Professional men have not the status of gentlemen. Poor nobles there are many—ancient names and sunken fortunes—one baron actually performing the duties and living on the wages of a porter to a richer brother noble; but the poorest noble is still distinct from the richest *medico* or *avvocato*. As your acquaintance with these—who may be presumed to be the most highly educated of the Neapolitans

—increases, you find that your wonder at the social prejudice disappears. You are not tempted to regard a Neapolitan avvocato in the light of an English barrister. You are happy if you have no occasion to learn practically the width of the gulf that separates the Neapolitan practitioner from the English physician.

We are apt to regard such representations as those of the physicians of Molière to be caricatures. The ancient emblem of the barber, the pole with a special line indicating the bandage to be applied after bleeding, is now rare even in our country towns, and the physician who should commence his treatment by sending his patient to the barber to be bled would not be likely to keep his carriage. In Naples it is otherwise. The barbers are among the most numerous and most active tradesmen, and the ensigns of the shops display hands, or feet, or naked figures, spouting forth vigorous fountains of blood. You have a little headache; the first thing is to be bled. You lose a friend, or you lose money, or you have a quarrel—the same remedy. Fever ensues—the barber again, and

again, and again, till either the malady or the patient, generally the latter, is quelled. Count Camillo Cavour, the hope and providence of Italy, was bled seventeen times for what was originally a slight feverishness brought on by worry. He was killed by his physicians as distinctly as an ox is killed by a butcher, although certainly of no purpose or wish on their part to extinguish that invaluable life. Hint that the practice of France or of England differs, and you are told that so does the climate. Hint that the present Italian system is that which has been exploded by the advance of medical knowledge, and you are met with polite incredulity.

It has not, probably, fallen to the lot of very many Englishmen to be present at a Neapolitan consultation. The scene would suit the pages of Molière; it should be described in his inimitable diction. The family assemble in the room of the patient, perhaps around a table, as the man of science concludes his investigation. A short pause takes place. The doctor is enthroned in the place of honour. He clears his throat—he stretches out

his arm—he commences a set speech, with rounded periods and waving arms, as if he were addressing a congregation from a pulpit, and that moreover a pulpit and a congregation of the most impulsive and least educated sects ever found amongst ourselves. He glances at the history of medicine, at the physiology of the human frame. He speaks of Galen and of Hippocrates; he explains how, if the functions are disordered, inconvenience ensues; how inconvenience grows into disease, and disease, unless encountered by the physician, induces death. Then he refers to the patient in question. He tells you that science detects disturbance in the functions of the liver or of the heart. He refers to some of the symptoms—he points out the course of diseases to which these symptoms, unless encountered by the rules of art, tend. Perhaps he is a little particular here. He congratulates the patient, however, on the kind consideration of his friends; he congratulates his friends on their penetration in calling in himself; he congratulates himself on being called in, perhaps later than he could have wished, yet still on such an interesting

occasion. Therefore he wishes the patient to be bled in an hour's time, to place his feet in a bath containing lettuce leaves, to take the medicament which he orders to be sent from the chemist's, and he will call again next day. If the physician is a man in much practice, and the case is not a very serious one, perhaps the harangue and prescription will not occupy more than forty or fifty minutes in delivery.

Fever is regarded by the Neapolitans with terror. It is not without cause, as repeated bleeding in fever is a very rapid way to the Campo Santo. Of consumption they have also great fear, fully believing it to be contagious, and it is considered necessary to burn the bedding and to paint or repaper the rooms in which any consumptive patient has died. At least it is necessary, if the patient were a foreigner, for the survivors to pay for this being done. A provision to that effect is usually inserted in all contracts for houses or apartments. The amount is always demanded, but can only be legally enforced by virtue of such a clause, which no Englishman, properly advised, will be foolish enough to sign. Wholesome food

and attention to cleanliness are not portions of the regimen insisted on by the Neapolitan doctors, but the application of herbs and fomentations to the soles of the feet enters largely into practice. Above all, the inevitable *Salassatore* is the constant ally of the physician. He is also the faithful harbinger of death.

If Naples be not the paradise of lawyers, it is at all events the home of litigation. If cheap litigation be a social good, Naples is greatly in advance of English civilisation. But as one strives to make up in quantity for that which is deficient in quality, so the constant succession and ingenious variations of legal processes, of judgments by default, of contested judgments, and of appeals, is enough to find maccaroni for a large number of lawyers. One great charm of Neapolitan law is, that the preliminary proceedings, copy of which is served by *huissiers*, are invariably illegible.

The laws of Southern Italy are generally admitted to be excellent. Their administration partakes of the character of the general administration of the country. It is unnecessary to say that in any cases where the interests of the Government

are concerned, the action of the tribunals is as heavily weighted in their favour as are the chances of the lottery. And this is the more easy from the fact that the naked law of a case, so to speak, is not regarded in Italy as it is in England. The action of the courts is more like that of a Court of Equity, or, at times, of iniquity. The legal documents, far from being drawn in the barbarous jargon adopted by the English lawyers of the nineteenth century, make efforts not only at logic but at rhetoric. The great cheapness of printing leads the better occupied *avvocati* to put most of their briefs and arguments in type, an example that might be followed elsewhere with great advantage. But at all times the judges are in the habit of attaching as much weight to what they consider the merits of the case as to the letter of the law. *Salus populi suprema lex;* and the administration is naturally the judge of what is and what is not conclusive to the *Salus populi.* A court of peculiar infamy, that of the Contenzioso, in which two or three legal agents of the Government sit in order to decide on any inconvenient

pecuniary claims urged against the administration, with full powers, which they freely used, to declare them void, has been abolished by the Italian Parliament. But the odious and unjust practice of "*elevazione del conflitto*" remains in full force. The meaning of this phrase is, that if a decision has been pronounced by a court of justice hostile to the claims or to the interests of the Government, the latter can withdraw the case from the courts of law, and decide it by ministerial or royal decree; that is to say, by a circular of the minister under the sign manual. This absolute negation of justice is practised by the ministers of Victor Emanuel as complacently as by those of the Bourbon kings.

As an instance of the manner in which the discretion of the judge is made to supplement the law, we may take the following. An Englishman had unwarily made himself responsible for a debt which was not his own, but which he was naturally called upon to pay. He took the advice of one of the ablest advocates in Naples, a man of noble birth. "The simplest answer to the

demand," said the lawyer, "is to deny your signature. Probably any other advocate would advise you to do so. But I make a point of truth. There is this inconvenience in the usual course: the plaintiff may call upon you to attest your denial on oath, and, as you are an Englishman, you might hesitate to take that step, and then your cause would be lost. Leave it to me. I will take another way." The mode adopted was this. The advocate represented to the Court that his client was a gentleman—that he repudiated the idea of denying his signature. On the contrary, he acknowledged it. But the Court would see that, as a gentleman, and not a merchant or a lawyer, the defendant was naturally ignorant of commercial and legal proceedings. He could have no knowledge of the legal purpose of the document which he was surprised into signing. So far, therefore, from being expected to pay, it was he who ought to be the complainant, having just ground to reproach commercial men for entrapping him into a commercial question, and for mixing up his name with such a matter. The

Court held with the advocate, and the Patrecinatore, or pleader under the instructions of the advocate, announced the result to his principals by a gentle wave of the hand, and the old Roman phrase—"*Prosit.*"

Another instance, in which the Government were defendants, may be cited for a similar exercise of ingenuity. It was a case of an important contract, which had been quietly set aside by the Government for their own ends. The contract contained a broad and sweeping clause stipulating that all questions that might arise under it should be decided by arbitration. The injured party named an arbitrator, and called on the Government, first amicably, then legally, to do the same. The Agente del Contenzioso replied that the arbitration provided for by the contract was to decide all disputes *under* the contract. But in this case the contract had been put an end to. It would be therefore inconsistent with the provision to arbitrate. The matter rested in the ministerial discretion. By some remarkable instance of independence the court rejected this argument, and ordered the

arbitration to proceed. The Government resorted to the "*elevazione del conflitto*," and issued a royal decree desiring the administration to decide the matter, which it at once proceeded to do in its own favour, condemning the unfortunate appellant in costs. This is a well-known fact, legal proof of which is readily accessible. It was the act, not of Murena, or of Ajossa, but of the Cabinet of King Victor Emanuel.

If it be considered that no transaction beyond the simplest ready money payment can be conducted without the aid and presence of a lawyer, that judgment can be promptly obtained behind a man's back which, though capable of easy reversal if he appears to plead, may be carried promptly into execution if he does not—so that a man returning from a six weeks' tour has been known to find others in possession of his house by virtue of a judgment obtained on a fictitious debt in his absence—some clue will be obtained to the occupation of the anxious, noisy, ink and snuff-grimed crowd that by eight in the morning throngs the hall of the ancient Angevin Palace, which holds

what are called the Courts of Justice in Naples. The civil courts alone are here spoken of. Englishmen have already heard something of the practice of criminal judicature, as to evidence, sentence, and punishment. A better spirit now animates the ruling powers, but the maxims, the personale, and therefore the habits of the old regime are not to be swept away by the substitution of a tricolour flag for a white one.

On that phase of social life which concerns the conditions of the family and the relations of the sexes it is not proposed to enlarge. A residence of eight or ten years may enable a man to become fully intimate with the external life of a people, and to appreciate with much accuracy the operation of their laws and institutions. But the reply to the more subtle and delicate question of sexual morality must depend very much upon the point of view from which it is put. In all countries and in all societies the principle *noscitur a sociis* more or less obtains. It is probable, for instance, that a man of impulsive temperament and unbounded devotion to pleasure might form a very different

opinion of the moral tone of English society in this respect from that which would be natural to a dignified clergyman. It is enough, therefore, to say that, although as a rule the blood runs more riotously in the veins the nearer we approach to the equator, the external morality of Naples is far more precise than that of London or Paris. No scandals are visible in the streets. Dirt, indeed, there is in abundance, hotbeds for fever and for pestilence, liberty for the diseased and for the deformed to exhibit at will their ghastly claims on the charity of bye-passers; liberty for the attendants on the churches to display and to fire off rows of petards before the doors at certain parts of the ceremonial; liberty for ragamuffin boys to discharge small bombs beneath your horses' hoofs; but bad company—professionally bad company—is never to be seen flaunting and hawking on the public promenades. The stranger who seeks such company can only meet it by giving attention to the whispers of one or two shabby looking men who lurk about the places of public resort, and who stealthily approach any foreigner, who seems

to be idle and *ennuyé*, with unclean information.

This attention to external decorum was a marked picture of the reign of King Ferdinand. A ballet, as the performers are dressed, or undressed, at London or at Paris, would cause intense scandal at Naples. A green or blue gauze petticoat is added to the usual scanty or over full attire of the votaries of Terpsichore. The severe taste of the Austrian Queen had the merit of this innovation in the cause of modesty, but on an occasion when the prima donna in the opera of the "Siege of Leyden," who has to be killed in the last act, chanced to show her ancle as she fell on the stage, the misfortune was called to her notice by a storm of groans.

The manner in which the habit of self-command in public has become natural to the Neapolitans was most signally evinced on the occasion of the attempt on King Ferdinand's life by Agostino Milano. There was an opera that night at the San Carlo. So impassive was the general aspect of the people that a visitor by no means new to Naples remarked

on leaving the theatre, "How strange it is that such an event as that of the blow of the assassin should not have been generally known in Naples by this time." That event was at the moment occupying every thought. Hope—fear—delight were active in all minds. But the police were present. The people wore their mask, and it needed no ordinary observation to mark how the depth of popular feeling was stirred beneath the ice of the surface.

The veil of external decorum might at times be accidentally lifted. Two of the three brothers of King Ferdinand were rather proud of their resemblance to their ancestor King Henry IV. of France in the least justifiable part of his character. One of these princes lived alone in his palace, beneath the same roof, although not in the same apartments, as his wife. The other duly edified the world by showing the dutiful attention of a husband and a father, in giving an airing to his family in a four-in-hand along the Corso. If any ladies had occasion, for motives of State or of business, to visit either of these princes, they never entered their

palaces alone, but were most properly accompanied by an elder relative or friend. One morning a gentleman who had the entrée of one of these palaces made an early call. The demure groom of the chamber announced that his Royal Highness was invisible, but that if the visitor entered the saloon he would probably not have very long to wait. Alone in one of the spacious suite of apartments sat the duenna who came to play propriety, and after a time forth from the "invisible" retreat of the Prince came the younger dame, with eyes gleaming through her veil; she joined her companion, and very decorously the pair descended to their carriage. There is a difference between *compromis* and *compromis.*

In a state of society such as this conversation is limited. The Neapolitans are inveterate talkers, and when their interest is kindled on any subject, shout and gesticulate in a manner that leads a stranger to conclude that some fierce quarrel, threatening instant recourse to blows, is going on. It is the volcanic nature of the place. There is no malice, nothing but a slight divergence of opinion

on probably some extremely unimportant subject. But this mode of conducting conversation is so exhausting that men are knocked up by a few hours of what proves to be a bad substitute for business, and a noon-day rest becomes indispensable. But the higher you ascend in society the fewer topics is it safe to handle. Religion is forbidden. Politics are forbidden. Science for the most part is not understood. Geography is unknown. Foreign discovery and adventures are unheard of. History is only shyly to be approached, in the form probably of genealogy or of family history, for in speaking of important historical events it is hard to conceal a tendency to some political opinions, the expression of which might be unsafe. The *Court Circular* is not to be discussed. You become almost absolutely restricted—unless your ear can catch the light gossip that floats about in the true Neapolitan patois, that speech of the lazzaroni which differs from Italian as much as Provençal differs from French, but which the noblesse use *inter se*, reserving their Italian for foreigners or strangers—to scraps of

second-hand archæology or third-rate music. The last production of Verdi, the prospect of a new prima donna at San Carlo, or the result of a recent *scavo* at Pompeii or at Cumæ, are pretty nearly all the subjects on which you can manage to exchange a few sentences in a room full of well-dressed men and women. Of course the tongues of one large section of society have been pretty freely loosed as to politics since 1860; but on the other hand, the conversation of the *bonâ fide* legitimists is proportionately restrained. And everywhere you may perceive that the satirist was not romancing who spoke of the newly baptised Christians, when Constantine the Great was changing the Roman symbols, as bowing stealthily to the discarded images which they passed, on the ground that "one never knows what may happen."

Of English society in Naples this is not the place to speak. An account of that little colony is no portion of a contribution to the means of estimating the character of the Southern Italians. And the narrator of Neapolitan anecdotes and characteristic facts may yet be one of those old-

fashioned persons who hold the laws of hospitality to be sacred, and think that the kindness of friends and acquaintance is but ill-requited by handing their lives and portraits over to a publisher without their own knowledge and consent. It is not an exception to this rule, for it might well be a question of life or death to an English traveller, who should look on these pages as in any way serving him as a guide-book to Naples, to pay the tribute of affection for the preservation, under circumstances of great danger, of a life dearer than one's own, to the practised skill, unwearied attention, and delicate consideration, of the physician to the English Legation at Naples, Dr. Thomas Bishop.

V.

THE UNDER-CURRENTS OF ITALIAN LIFE.

THE English tourist who has visited Naples, gazed on the lovely panorama of the bay, toiled over the scoriæ of Vesuvius, lingered amid the streets of Pompeii, driven at speed over the terraced road that leads to the magic plains of Sorrento, dined and slept at the Hotel of the Sirens, floated into the blue grotto at Capri, and watched the diver gleaming, like a silver fish, beneath the surface of its turquoise basin, entered a few churches and palaces, viewed the matchless collection of camei that adorn the Museo Borbonico, together with the noblest statue in the world, the Mercury "wearied," in bronze; if even to these qualifications for forming an opinion of the inhabitants of Parthenope he has added a dinner or so with English residents, and an admission to a ball at the Academia, will have come as little into contact with some of the most striking features of the place as if he had

approached no nearer than Marseilles. Arriving generally in the temperate *mezza stagioni* of Spring or of Autumn, he can be but little aware of the change of the habits of the people that depends on the course of the year, and of the different aspect presented by Naples at Christmas, in the Holy Week, and in the dog days. Looking with wonder at the lazzaroni, stunned with the noisy cries that rend the air, shunning the spots where the people most congregate, performing what slight toilet they make with cynical composure in the open air, sleeping in their baskets on the shore alongside of the fishermen's boats, or making night hideous with their terrific, unintelligible, and ever-recurring *canto*, he can form no conception of a peculiar organisation that exists among these savage children of the clime.

Besides the regular authorities known to and avowed by the law, besides the more pervading though less visible influence of the *mouchards*, there existed under the Bourbon rule at Naples a self-constituted authority more terrible than either. It was not easy to obtain

exact proof of the operation of this authority, for it was impatient of question, its vengeance was prompt, and the instrument of that vengeance was the knife. In speaking of it as one authority it is possible to err, for different forms or branches of this secret institution at times revealed their existence by the orders which they issued. This secret influence was that of the Camorra, or Camorristi, a sort of combination of the violence of the middle ages, of the trades union tyranny of Sheffield, and of the blackmail levy of the borders. The Camorristi were a body of unknown individuals who subsisted on the public, especially on the smaller tradespeople. A man effected a sale of his ware; as the customer left his shop a man of the people would enter and demand the tax on the sale for the Camorra. None could escape from the odious tyranny. It was impalpable to the police. It did not confine itself to the industry of illicit taxation. It issued its orders. When the Italian Parliament imposed stamp duties, that sensibly increased the cost of litigation, that indispensable luxury of the Neapo-

litans, the advocates received letters warning them to cease all practice in the courts so long as these stamp duties were enforced. "Otherwise," continued the mandate, "we shall take an early opportunity of arranging your affairs." Signed by "the Camorra of the avvocati." The arrangement hinted at was to be made by the knife. In other words, it was an order to the bar to oppose the new taxation on pain of assassination. The addressing of such an insolent order to a body of men like the Neapolitan bar shows the boldness of the conspirators, and their confidence that the police would be unable to track them.

The Italian Government, much to its credit, made a great onslaught on the Camorristi. Many were arrested, imprisoned, or exiled, some even killed one another in prison. But the total eradication of so terrible a social vice must be a work of great difficulty, perseverance, and time.

Closely akin to the action of the Camorra is that master-pest of Southern Italy which was for a time entirely suppressed by the strong hand of Ferdinand II., but which sprang forth in renewed

activity during the unsettled times that succeeded the invasion of Garibaldi. In 1856–58 the great routes were as safe for travellers by night as by day. In 1860–64 the Apulian mail was liable to seizure, the journey from Salerno to Pæstum was so notoriously unsafe as to be attempted by no prudent tourist; and the Governor of the Bank of Naples on his way to his country house was arrested and carried off by the brigands, and only restored on the payment of a respectable sum in hard Napoleons. But to speak of brigandage while describing the state of Naples under the Bourbon rule is to anticipate the evils that followed on the dissolution of the machinery directed by their arbitrary power.

That aptness for the profession of mendicity which characterises the lower orders of Naples, and which is by no means confined to the lower orders, is not without an example which alone might be sufficient to corrupt a more virtuous people. Frugality, to a certain extent, may be said to be prevalent, and temperance in the use of wine or alcoholic liquors is a rule that meets with few

exceptions. The observance of this rule is not the less to be admired from the evil consequences that follow its infraction. Alcohol flies quickly to the brain under the skies of Naples, and a drunken Italian becomes, not incapable, but furiously mad. Even English navvies—seasoned vessels, accustomed to that erratic life in which, after three or four weeks of sustained and prodigious labour, the month's pay is spent, as far as it will go, in beer, the man goes "off on the randy," and does nothing but drink till cash and credit are exhausted and sobriety returns with the aid of starvation—even they, when supplied with the cheap wine and fiery brandy of the country, have had to be sent to the hospital as, for a time, perfectly insane. In estimating, therefore, the effect of the national character produced by the constant presence and professional action of the mendicant monks, we must remember that the sight of a body of men who voluntarily embrace poverty from religious motives, or under the form of a religious institution, does not constitute that noble protest against luxury, that in other days and other climates was

one of the effects of monasticism. The monks, as a rule, and speaking only of the mendicant orders, do not present the marks of mortification or of suffering. They gaily circulate among the people, claiming their contributions here in the tone of patrons, there with the voice of authority; giving not unfrequently the fingers, or the end of the white Franciscan cord, to the lips of a devotee, usually of the female sex, and taking their tithes and their offerings without the smallest symptoms of embarrassment or modesty. The Italian Government has set itself to reduce the enormous number of monks, whom the climate is so well suited to nourish. No man who looks to the future of Italy can well fail to deprecate and to lament the influence which monasticism, in its present phase, when it has been expelled from France, from Portugal, from the greater portion of Europe, has exerted on a people so hostile to honest labour. To be called on to venerate in the name of religion a set of men absolutely ignorant, perfectly idle, guiltless of linen, and attaching the idea of sanctity to their unwashed persons and

unwashed woollen frock, has not seemed incongruous to the lazzaroni. Their supreme idea of felicity is to lie in the sun, or to float over the bay, with plenty of maccaroni and of fruit, and with nothing to do but to bask and to eat. If such be their idea of a terrestrial paradise, it is but natural that they should think that men whose profession is to be idle, and yet who never fail to have their daily wants supplied, are fit guides towards a paradise that is celestial.

Some few fraternities exist of educated men, devoted to education, who rather resemble the Benedictines, to whom the literature of Europe owes some of its noblest works, than the unwashed mendicant Franciscans.

The monks not only beg for themselves, but they beg for the beggars. The history of this important class of the population, if it could be accurately given, would form a most instructive chapter in the description of Italian life. They gather around the convents, where a stated dole may be fully counted on. They have their fixed posts, in city or in country, from which

nothing can drive them. Those who have the advantage of some hideous bodily infirmity may be regarded as the nobles of the profession, and they chiefly haunt the city itself, and principally prey on foreigners, who are often driven into giving money to escape from so sickening a persecution. Deformities of all sorts abound—the reader would shudder at the mere enumeration. When the time of noontide rest arrives, the beggars for the most part seek a brief repose, and it has occurred to more than one observer to see a particularly helpless blind man, whose beat was on the Strada dei Giganti at Naples, seek the shadow of the quay of Santa Lucia, seat himself snugly in an archway, *open his eyes*, empty the basket which his wife or some female friend brought to this his accustomed dining-room, and finally smoke himself to sleep like any other *signor*. In the plain of Sorrento may be noticed a blind man whose custom is to sit by the roadside chanting litanies to the Virgin. The intensity of his devotion varies with an admirable adaptation to the character of the passers by. A neighbour of his

was a sturdy old man, of forbidding aspect and stentorian voice, who walked with a stick with which he was wont violently to strike the gratings or frames of the windows of the houses on his round, calling out, if his summons was disregarded, "Signor, Io aspetto—Io aspetto," and if his "aspettazioni" was prolonged beyond what he thought reasonable, threatening to *go away* if the inmates did not come to relieve him—to go away and never come again! It would appear that he thought or intimated that his departure in anger would bring some curse on the abode. Another, yet older and more tattered, if replied to that you have no copper, will offer change for any coin you may have, and has been not unfrequently seen converting the proceeds of his industry into the more portable form of gold at the goldsmiths' shops.

The monk and the beggar are the natural comforters, propagators, aud maintainers of the brigand, who is only a beggar armed with a musket. The gaunt, dumb, half crazed mendicant, who, with an inarticulate cry and a gesture

of menace and command, assailed unprotected strangers in the romantic glades that furrow the spurs of Monte Saint Angelo, grasping in one hand a long forked cudgel, while with the two forefingers of the other, extended in the form of the letter Y, he made that rapidly vibrating motion over his mouth by which the Neapolitans express hunger for maccaroni, might readily pass with a foreigner for an unqualified robber. What chance have youth, reared in a climate always wooing to repose, and during a season of the year enforcing noontide idleness even on the intellectual, to learn the simplest elements of morality, when their earliest associations teach them to regard charity as the maintenance of masterful beggars, and to recognise piety under the hood and frock of the untaught and unwashed monk?

But to form a real idea of the fierce passion that underlies the *dolce far niente* of the Neapolitan population, it must be regarded in the hour of revolution. It would need the pen of Defoe to describe the frantic intoxication of those moments of terror. An Irish mob is an assemblage which

all those who have no turn for an occasional exercise of the art of self-defence will do well to avoid. The mob of Birmingham has lost little of the ferocity which marked it some thirty years since. *Emeutes* in Paris are unfavourable to the exercise of a calm spirit of observation from the extremely small regard which the irate Gaul pays to human life, whether in his own person, or in that of his opponent or casual neighbour. But all eye-witnesses of outbreaks at Naples agree in speaking of the unmingled and surpassing horror of the scenes. And thus it is no wonder that since the Minister of Blood of Philip II., the stern and pitiless Alva, crowned the heights of St. Elmo with a ponderous citadel, the mouth of the cannon has been ever directed towards the streets of the smiling Parthenope, and that in the Royal Palace, and the *casernes* and courts of guard that dot the city and command its chief squares and avenues, the cannon were ever *en evidence*, the gunners ready, the matches often actually kindled. Naples is like one of those passionate people whose fury can only be restrained by an immediate check. Let the out-

break once pass a certain limit and it will sweep all before it.

A part of this intensity of character, this white heat to which Southern passion will glow on such slight provocation, is the fervent religion of the people. It is not the question, from our present point of view, how far this devotion may be that of error and of ignorance, or where the line is to be drawn between piety and superstition. If the lower classes of Neapolitans are misled in their faith, the account which their spiritual guides have to render is one of no light responsibility. We speak not of the illumination of their faith, but of its reality—its fervid intensity. The poor give to the poor in the feeling that they are performing an act of charity agreeable to heaven. They kneel to bishop or priest, they kiss the cord of St. Francis, under the same unquestioning conviction. The frantic character of the popular excitement, when religion is the stimulus, and when the Sbirro stands aside, may be seen displayed to the full on at least four annual festivals in the City of Naples.

The least noticeable of these occasions, inasmuch as the excitement is limited to a narrow locality and to an early hour, is one on which pilgrims from the country precipitate themselves in their ordinary clothing into the sea from the quay of Santa Lucia, in honour of that Saint, and with the object, generally, of obtaining relief from disease in the eyes. Then there are the Spring and Autumn festivals of St. Januarius, the patron Saint of Naples; and, most striking of all, because it is the occasion of the Olympic races of the lazzaroni through the streets, is the return from the pilgrimage to Monte Virgine. A carriage on this day—with horses gaily adorned with red and green feathers—is one of the great objects of the economy of the year to the poorer classes. Thousands of pilgrims throng to the site of an ancient temple of Diana, on a lofty and conical mountain forming part of the Apennine range. Not only has the scene of the worship of the mysterious Hecate been retained; not only does the modern name of the mountain recall the memory of the Virgin Goddess, but the peculiar

mark of the worship of Diana, the anger supposed to be excited by the visit to her temples of those who were defiled by eating pork, characterises this vernal festival. No animal fat or grease is to be secreted by the pilgrims, on pain of supernatural displeasure. It is not many years since, when a thunderstorm alarmed the pilgrims to Monte Vergine; a rapid examination was instituted as to who had infringed the law of the mountain, and a poor old woman, discovered to have concealed the end of a sausage in her pocket, is reported to have been torn to pieces on the spot. But it is the rapid whirl of the return to Naples, the frantic gallop at which the foaming and bedizened horses are lashed and hooted through the streets; the conversion of Naples, for some hours, into a scene of infuriated carriage racing, in which no life appears to be out of danger—that is most likely to enable the visitor to peep under the corner of the veil which for the most part hangs over the hidden life of these children of the Sun.

While commemorating the decapitation of an early martyr of the Christian faith, the festivals of

San Gennaro are no less intimately connected with a reputed miracle of pagan times. The liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is a phenomenon differing only in the supposed *matter* of the miracle from that referred to by Horace in his fifth satire as taking place, to the ridicule of the sceptic, with the incense on the altar at Egnatia. The educated English Catholic may hold that it is no essential portion of his Creed to acknowledge the miraculous character of an exhibition which is regularly reproduced twice every year, without any of that apparent purpose or sequence which his faith accords to the earlier portents by which the founders of his Church established their claims to a Divine mission. The orthodox Frenchman may feel scandalised at a scene, with reference to which his scientific journals have repeatedly furnished the receipt for the reproduction or the simulation of the transformation of an opaque solid substance into a red fluid, and will not fail to remember how rapidly the miracle, after some hesitation expressed by the guardians of the relic, took place under the cynical threat of the French

general. But to the Neapolitan the liquefaction of the blood of San Gennaro is an evidence, which his eyes have seen, his hands touched, his lips pressed, of the favour of heaven to his Church, and of the presence of miraculous power in the priesthood. The little differences of detail in the time or in the mode in which this transformation is publicly effected, are taken to denote the favour or the anger of the Saint, and to be significant of the good or evil fortune of the ensuing half year.

Experience shows that it is all but impossible for a devout man to conceive the possibility of a devotion alien to his own. The worshipper of a picture calls the worshipper of a statue an idolater. Both agree that the iconoclast is an atheist. No human creed, no human form of worship, can be described in the calm, impassive, colourless language of abstract historic truth, without arousing the suspicion or the certitude of the disciples of that rite that the accents of sardonic derision ring under the judicial sentences of the writer. It is hard, therefore, to present to Northern Europe any idea

of the fête of San Gennaro. If described by a devotee, the language would be unintelligible to any not prepared to receive it with the most unreasoning sympathy; if described merely as it occurs, the language will be open to an unmerited charge of scorn.

At the liquefaction in 1856, a considerable time had elapsed before any signs of the hoped-for change became apparent. The chapel of St. Januarius forms a portion of the cathedral, and the exposition of the relics takes place alternately there and at the Church of Santa Chiara, the resting-place of the royal family of Naples. The chapel is rich in plate that has escaped the transmuting grasp of the French soldiery, silver reliefs on the altar, silver lamps, silver life-size statues of saints. A silver bust, adorned with costly jewels, contains the remains of the martyr's hand, and a reliquary in form like the lamp of a state carriage, containing a small phial enclosing a dark-looking substance and one or two straws, is held by a priest, who has the further safeguard of a silken cord round the neck attached to the silver handle of the

reliquary, lest by any means the talisman should fall from his hands. The chapel is densely crowded from an early hour, and after mass the blood is brought forth from a specially locked and guarded place of safety, and placed on the altar near the bust. It is held that it is the approach of the blood of the Saint to the other relics of his mortality that determines the ebullition. The reliquary is held by a priest before the altar, while a litany appropriate to the occasion is intoned with an ever-increasing energy by the anxious and heated audience. On this occasion the chapel was so closely packed that a Sicilian Cardinal, who arrived late, had the greatest difficulty in threading a path to the altar, although the audience were ready to move as far as possible to make way for his eminence, whose crimson berretta might be seen undulating among the rough heads of the lazzaroni with all the subtle and elastic grace that marks the Italian Princes of the Purple. The little incident of the arrival of the Cardinal gave a point to the ensuing scene.

The front places without the railing of the altar

have been appropriated time out of mind to certain women of the humblest class who claim to be the relations of the Saint. They are gay with all the finery dear to their station, and loaded with chains and rings of that yellow alloy which Neapolitan jewellers call gold. These women were among the first to commence the litany of the Saint, and when this had come to an end, or rather, as it seems to have no distinct end, when a pause occurred in its repetition, they commenced a series of appeals to their relative, the familiarity of which was rather an assertion of family intimacy than a display of exemplary reverence. "Gennaro," they cried, "Gennaro, do you not hear us? what are you about? why do you make us wait so long? Gennaro, are you asleep? Gennaro, you have eaten too much maccaroni! Gennaro! are you not ashamed of yourself to keep us in this way before his Eminence the Sicilian Cardinal?"

The Saint remained deaf to this appeal, the litany recommenced, and the mingled voice of prayer, of chant, of remonstrance amounting almost to execration, went up in one great cry to

the roof. The aged and bloodless priest whose privilege it was to hold the reliquary showed signs of great fatigue, and a sense of growing alarm ran electrically through the dense mass of worshippers. The old man resigned his charge, and a stout, hale, vigorous young priest had the cord placed round his neck. The officiator regards intently the reliquary, and ever and anon reverses it in order to detect the first signs of change of state. Presently a bishop came to his side. They gazed together at the vial. You could see by the light on their features that some indication of change was perceptible. The people became maddened by excitement—the litany swelled into a roar, thundering with the full diapason of the stentorian lazzaroni throats. Again the reliquary was reversed, and again, and held up to the gaze of the people. "Il miracolo è fatto!" cried a voice. Two lads rushed wildly from behind a screen, the one flinging rose leaves from a basket on the ground, the other hurling into the air some imprisoned birds, of which the liberation was the signal of the transformation. Those who watched the cathedral

from without must have seen at that moment a mass of smoke curl up in the clear air from the tower, where a heap of straw lay ready for the match, for almost before the terrified birds had made good their escape, the loud roar of the cannon of St. Elmo, of the mole, and of the fleet, announced to city and to country that the miracle had auspiciously taken place.

Fancy the position of a Protestant missionary who should select such an occasion for the exposition of his views!

VI.

MONSIEUR, FRÈRE DU ROI.

A REVIEW of the state of Southern Italy during the decade terminating in the period of the Austro-Prussian war would be very imperfect if it were to omit all reference to a royal personage who at one time appeared to aim at playing the part of a Neapolitan Duke of Orleans. A very slight sketch will recall the well-known features of the Prince in question to those who have experienced his hospitality, or marvelled at the open manner in which it pleased him to grieve the hearts of the chief rulers of the police in the last years of King Ferdinand. His Royal Highness very closely resembled in person one or two of the portraits of King Henry VIII. of England that were displayed at the Kensington Exhibition, a personal resemblance the more striking from the fact that there was no close blood connection between the two princes, their nearest common ancestor having

been Saint Louis. But questions of physiological descent, and of purity of blood, are at fault in speaking of the Neapolitan Bourbons, whose domestic relations are well known to have resembled those of the quail or of the cuckoo, rather than the faithful monogamy of the turtle. Of the princes called the sons of Francis I. of Naples, but one bore any resemblance to that monarch, whose own face and figure in no way recalled the well-known hereditary Bourbon lineaments, which, indeed, in Ferdinand I. had degenerated into a semi-imbecility of expression, like that assumed by the Stuart features in the person of the Cardinal of York.

It is true that a much closer relationship than that which has been above indicated exists between the royal Houses of England and Sicily, but that relationship comes through the House of Savoy, and is represented by King Francis II. of the Two Sicilies, who is the eighth cousin of the Prince of Wales. A very perceptible family likeness between these two princes may be detected by even a cursory inspection either of the countenances or of the photographs of these descendants of King Charles I.

Even the legislation of the English Parliament is not competent to extinguish lineal descent, however it may deal with the claims which are usually entailed on the hereditary representatives of great names of the past. But it is happy for the dynasty now enthroned at Westminster that the Nemesis of the House of Stuart, that constant and unintermitting evil fortune which in nine descents was marked by four violent deaths, two of which were on the scaffold, by one death of broken heart, by four abdications, imprisonments, or dethronements, and by the final loss of a dominion descending from the Plantagenets and from the Scottish kings, has followed the right line. On the death of the Cardinal of York in 1807, the representative of the House of Stuart was the head of the House of Savoy, who descended from Charles I. of England, through his daughter, the Duchess of Orleans, the House of Hanover being a degree more remote from the representative line, as descendants of a daughter of James I. The Stuart line of the House of Savoy lost its Italian dominions owing to the operation of the Salique law, on the death

in 1831, of Charles Felix, in whom, being the third brother succeeding to the crown of Sardinia, the dynasty became extinct. But the second of these brothers had left four daughters, two of them twins, and the eldest son of the first of these ladies who gave birth to a male child, was, according to English genealogical rule, the heir by blood of the House of Stuart. The eldest daughter, who married the Duke of Modena, was also the mother of the eldest son. The third sister had no issue, her husband, the Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, himself descending from his throne under the constraint of a *Conseil de Famille* to make way for the present King of Hungary, Francis Joseph of Lorraine Hapsburg. The representatives of the other three sisters are: Francis, the dethroned Duke of Modena, Robert, the exiled Duke of Parma, and Francis II., the fugitive King of the Two Sicilies. Four abdications or expulsions, affecting the husbands or the sons of the four Stuart coheiresses, is an instance of persistent evil fortune not easy to parallel in the history of any royal House.

With a face that recalled the lineaments of the House of Tudor rather than those of the House of Stuart or of Bourbon, a long pointed red beard, a low stout figure, which latterly attained an excessive *embonpoint*, the manners of Monseigneur were, when so he chose, graceful, condescending, and charming in a high degree. He was a connoisseur and a man of taste; he was a sculptor of no mean pretensions; he was an antiquary and an archæologist; above all, he was distinguished by the hereditary mark of the princes of the House of Bourbon, an extreme devotion to the fair sex. And if his Royal Highness had been compelled to cultivate any of his numerous natural gifts; if the jealousy of political power, which was a tradition in the palace of Casetta derived from the Escurial, had allowed him to do good service as the viceroy of Sicily; if he had had to live by the chisel, or to win his way to note by descriptions of his excavations at Cumæ; if in any way he could have been compelled steadily and seriously to exert himself, the Count of Syracuse would have won no contemptible name. But the royal road to

fame has even more drawbacks than the humbler and more common paths. Excessive ease in the attainment of an object does not seem to make the attainment more certain or more satisfactory. In the prince's studio clay models were always advancing, whether the royal sculptor was present or not. A suggestion one day, a fault found on another, and the clay forms reset and changed. It was still his Royal Highness's work. When the clay met his approval, the transference to marble was, in the first instance, a merely mechanical operation. That the final touches of the chisel were those of the artist whose name the sculpture bore is of course to be supposed, but when those touches, in that case, were given it is hard to say.

Archæology was as easy as sculpture. A visit to the excavations at Cumæ was a sight not to be forgotten. A low, well-built phaeton, comfortable for three persons and practicable for four, with four admirably matched little galloways, whirled the royal antiquary through the lofty *portone* of his luxurious palace on the Chiaja, and

rattled at a rapid pace towards the grotto or tunnel of Posilippo. At the entrance of this necromantic chasm, for royal movements are not impromptu, are in waiting a troop of lazzaroni with half-a-dozen lighted torches. The Prince's face twinkles with fun, and he quickly calls to his coachman to go faster. The little steeds whirl into the yawning gulf, and clatter at three-quarter pace over the solid stone floor, the torch-bearers rushing before them, and so beaten by the pace, as they issue again into daylight, as to have scarcely breath to catch the piastres thrown out to reward their exertions, or to rush after the phaeton, catch hold of handle, or springs, or traces, and strive to snatch a kiss of the hand of their employer; who, if he has munificently paid the actual service rendered, has at the same time contrived that the payment shall be no gratuity. The pace earned it, if the illumination did not. The little practical joke raises the spirits of the travellers. So does the prompt rapidity with which the guard turns out at every post on the road, so soon as the note of the bugle gives warning of the approach of the blue and red livery of the court.

One sentinel saluted so promptly at the summons as to be passed with his musket duly presented, but with his back towards the carriage as it passed. He saluted instantly at the alarm, without waiting to turn round. At Posilippo is a fresh salutation on the part of the beggars with whom that ancient and untidy port, the Puteoli where the first Christian missionary to Europe landed eighteen centuries ago, signally abounds. The prince had a very appropriate story of the beggars, as well as a more real inducement to quicken his coachman's rate of driving than that supplied by the wish to race his lazzaroni through the grotto. Some years before, on a visit of some of the Bavarian royal family to Naples, an excursion was planned to Pozzuoli, to see the famous oscillating temple of Serapis, which is the Delphi of geologists, and the long extinct and smouldering volcano of Solfaterra. The prefect was warned in time of the expected visit, and proceeded to purify the town by lodging the halt, the lame, the blind, and the more cruelly deformed—who are wont there, at every turn of the road or steep bit of hill that gives them for

the time a command over the occupants of carriages, to exhibit their imperfections with loud calls on the saints and on the charity of the visitants—snugly in prison. All was well and quiet for a day or two. But the news soon reached Naples, and on the third day a fresh assortment of beggars, drafted from the grand depôt at the Capital, descended on Pozzuoli and occupied the posts of their incarcerated brethren. The news penetrated the gaol. The inmates and the guardians of those institutions in Southern Italy, never knowing when they may be likely to change places, are usually on the best of terms. The imprisoned beggars drew up a petition to the prefect. They submitted to the consideration of his Excellency that he had a full right to do with them as he thought fit. If he placed them in prison they had only to pray for his health in prison instead of out of it. But property was another matter. They claimed as their property certain long-tenanted positions on the road, and these points, during their removal, had been occupied by beggars foreign to the *paese*. This, they submitted, was unjust. His Excellency

could not have regarded the case on its true merits. The reasoning struck the prefect, and when the visit was over he released his beggars who had vested rights. But the new ones would not be expelled, and that is the reason," concluded *Monseigneur*, "that there are twice as many beggars at Posilippo as in any other place in the world." The aspect of the place fully justifies the legend.

At Cumæ, the excavation had so far advanced that the stepped, pyramidal roof of an Oscan tomb was bare, and the stones had only to be removed on the arrival of the prince. Three races, in three successive periods of time, and practising three different methods of interment, lie one over the other in this ancient cemetery, *pliocene*, *miocene*, and *eocene* among the ancient Italic races. In the tomb in question, one of the lowest tier, was found a deposit of some eighteen inches of the finest soil, containing a few bones, a few earthenware vases, and a large copper vessel or urn some twenty inches in diameter. These bronze relics have to be removed with the utmost care, and to be plunged in boiling water as soon as possible after

their exposure, as they otherwise soon crumble into dust.

A breakfast in a royal pleasure-house built on a little island in Lake Fucino, in which the famous oysters of the lake played no contemptible part, intervened between the visit to the *Scavi* and the return to Naples. The present eminent director of the Museo of Naples was of the party, being then attached to the prince's household. On the road home a man mounted on a superb horse rode up, and after offering to carry warning of the prince's visit to the guardians of the hot springs, where an egg is boiled by the natural heat of the issuing water, set off at a frantic gallop, reached a point where the road turned sharply over the cliff, his horse was seen to rear—to bound—to fall—and man and horse were invisible. Alarm replaced the convivial mood that the Fucino breakfast had called forth. On arriving at the spot, the man was found to be dangerously wounded, the savage brute having selected the most dangerous bit of the road for a trial of strength, and having fallen with, and on, his rider. The attentions of the

prince were prompt and humane. One of his carriages conveyed the wounded man to the nearest place of repose, and "I pay for the horse," said his Royal Highness.

The prince's palace on the Chiaja presented a long suite of apartments on the first floor, looking over the bay, and reached by a grand white marble staircase, a piece of architecture which, in a southern climate, is not only an ornament but a rare and most grateful luxury. However hot be the temperature, quiet on a marble floor allows you to bear it without distress, or indeed with a luxurious indolence proper to the climate. When, on an occasion such as a royal birthday, the saloons are thrown open to all who have the *entrée*, the staircase is crowded with flowers, or with the simulated flowers of the *Poinsettia*, now so common in our conservatories, and a blaze of light falls on the sparkling jewels of the female nobility, and on the beautiful faces and figures that are so rare even in the Libro d'oro of Naples—the effect is one not easily to be forgotten. The king's sisters, gracious and condescending women, his Majesty Charles

VI. of Spain, better known as the Count of Montemolin, the husband of one, and his Royal Highness Don Sebastian of Bourbon and of Braganza, the husband of the other, two other brothers of the king, mingling freely with the guests, and only announced by the whisper of some officious neighbour to rise on their approach if you happened to be seated, made such an evening as gay as possible, considering the utter want of conversation of the ladies, with whom it is impossible, with rare exceptions, to exchange more than a few words on the last dress and the last opera.

While music, and light, and as much festivity as you can have without dancing and without supper, fill the first floor of this luxurious palace, gleam through the crystal gallery, and out into the cool green shades of the well-kept garden in the rear of the entrance court; no questions were asked as to the occupant of the higher floor of the same building. There, unseen for years, unknown save by works of mercy and of charity, even reported to be out of her mind, dwelt in retirement the mistress of the mansion, the neglected wife of

the prince, herself a princess of the royal House of Savoy-Carignan, of which her brother and herself compose the cadette branch. It is ungrateful to rake up old scandals—no good could be answered by so doing. But the sympathy of any whose regard was worth having was with the spotless royal lady, and the sympathy of some at least was exchanged for indignation when, three years later, as the star of King Victor Emanuel rose in the ascendant, the official Journal announced that the Sardinian Ambassador had been entertained at dinner by the Count and Countess of Syracuse.

Play ran high in these apartments, and the king has more than once expressed his disapprobation of the featherless state in which some of the younger nobility have been known to leave them. A strange pleasure, moreover, considering the nature of the political regime, was taken by the prince in alarming, not to say outraging, those responsible for the police arrangements of the city. On one occasion, on the Sabbato Santo, that sacred time which is honoured by the repose of the hard-driven cattle of city and country, when no wheel revolves, no

horse leaves the stables, and no bell is rung from morning on the Thursday until noon on the Saturday, when the streets are filled with crowds of men and women walking from church to church —his Royal Highness distinguished himself by mounting his portly form on a donkey, a noble animal indeed of his race, and riding to the palace to pay his respects to his brother. At another time, in the antechamber of King Ferdinand the Prince met the Minister of Police, and tauntingly asked him whether he would not like to cut off his beard —a beard being a luxury which the said minister thought none but the king himself should enjoy. On another, on the little steamer which plies between Naples and Sorrento, the ungloved hand of his Royal Highness displayed a large ring, ruby, diamond, emerald, the three obnoxious republican colours, the juxtaposition of which on any less distinguished person would have been an immediate passport to the Vicaria prison, or some other safe keeping place under the surveillance of the police. An Englishman looked askance at the ring—"How do you like my ring?" said

the wearer. "That in the captain's but a choleric word, Which in the soldier is rank blasphemy." "How so?" said the Prince, "what do you mean? it must come to this, you know, it must come to this." It did come to that, sure enough, but the wearers of the tricolour of *la Veille* would not admit that their cause had been served or even seriously professed by the king's brother, and his end was as awful as it was unexpected.

But to see this Bourbon prince in colours the most strange to those accustomed to the grey tints of an English landscape, and to the reserve of our great territorial lords, or leading political celebrities, he should be visited in his charming villa in the exquisite plain of Sorrento. Within sight of that romantic island, selected by Tiberius Cæsar, when master of the world and tired of its dominion, as the spot where life could be most thoroughly enjoyed, cooled by the breezes from a bay on either side of the Peninsula, shaded by dark groves fragrant in May and September with the heavy perfume of the orange blossom, were held some of those convivial reunions that stung the

Archbishop of Sorrento, courtier though he had been, to declare that his Royal Highness and himself could not continue to reside within the same episcopal province. Rumour may have magnified the excesses, for who was to enter the iron gates uninvited? But there was one annual festival with which rumour had nothing to do, for it was a public fête, one solemnised in the summer by lighted torches and flaming bonfires in a little village high amid the hills that looked down on the twin bays. To this the prince was in the habit of paying an annual visit, seated on an open sedan borne by four men, with relays of bearers. His descent by torchlight—a veritable Silenus in broadcloth and wide-awake—might have seemed to be a burlesque of the wildest rites of pagan times, caricatured by the incongruous presence of modern costume.

We have said that the prince's death was sudden. On his last sedan excursion to the hills his increased weight told sadly on his bearers. The royal bacchanal did not look lovely to English eyes. Then came "the deluge," and, before matters had at all assumed definite form, his Royal Highness

appeared at a theatre at Pisa. The audience disliked his name, and disbelieved in his liberality; they greeted him with volleys of groans. Astonishment, rage, terror so shook his breast that he was conveyed home in alarm and in excitement, was struck by what his medical attendants called a fulminating apoplexy, and in a few hours had ceased to breathe. His widow refused to accept the possession of his villa at Sorrento.

VII.

THE COURT OF KING FERDINAND II.

COURT at Naples, during the latter years of the reign of Ferdinand II., there was none. The elements of a court indeed existed, but that central influence which, in drawing those elements together, should form them into an organised whole, was mute or was absent. The king's presence in Naples was rare. He shunned showing himself in his capital. He visited it almost by stealth. Secluded in the vast and stately palace of Caserta, with mounted patrols examining every carriage that rolled towards the royal portal, to which the highway led straight up; or busied in drilling troops, inspecting buildings, and attending masses at Gaeta, surrounded by the guard, and by all the military inaccessibility, of a fortified port, King Ferdinand was a rare inmate of either of his other seventeen royal residences. No monarch in Europe had palaces so many and so fine. In noble halls, spacious gal-

leries, and shady grounds where a subservient noblesse might have attended on his steps, a magnificence almost equalling that of Versailles in the time of Louis XIV. might have been attained with that marked economy which is a feature of Southern hospitality. A glass of cold water, or, on rare occasions, a tray or two of ices, were all that would be necessary to satisfy guests elated sufficiently by the honour of the reception of the royal command for attendance.

Lord of such noble palaces in which to keep state, King Ferdinand was surrounded by princes of the blood able in themselves to form the nucleus of no insignificant court. The two married sisters who resided ordinarily in the palace of Naples were princesses of gracious manners and charming presence, and would have been acknowledged to be such in the most dignified society of Europe. How far the asserted majesty of Spain would have allowed the prince who passed under the name of the Count de Montemolin to dignify with his presence the public ceremonials of the Sicilian kingdom may be a question, but all occa-

sions on which his Royal Highness appeared in public or in private he seemed anxious by courtesy of manner to make up for the disadvantage of a somewhat forbidding exterior. He alone, besides the King of Naples, had his equipage preceded by an outrider. Don Sebastian of Bourbon and Braganza, who shared the exile and the misfortune of his cousin, his brother-in-law, and his legitimate sovereign, needed only to give his adhesion to the rule of Queen Isabella to be restored to the position and to the revenues of one of the wealthiest princes in Europe, a position which, on the rapidly succeeding deaths of his own wife, and of the Count and Countess of Montemolin, he has since resumed.

The king's own sister, the Duchess de Berri, *Madame*, (the rest of the royal family being children of the second queen of Francis I.,) had never recovered the eclipse which the unknightly trickery of Louis Philippe, no less than her own inconceivable weakness, caused her to bring on the fortunes of her party, when, while Regent of France, she was compelled to produce

evidence of a marriage to the Count Lucchesi Palli in order to give a name to a child born in captivity. The eldest surviving half-brother, the Prince of Capua, was also a voluntary exile from the kingdom where his wife, an Irish gentlewoman, was denied recognition as a member of the royal family. Of Prince Don Leopoldo, the Count of Syracuse, enough has been said elsewhere. The Count of Aquila, married to a Brazilian princess, and daily conspicuous on the Corso as driving his large family in a four-in-hand with a noble team of English horses, pulling off his hat in return for every salutation, was a man of agreeable manners, and by no means destitute of ability; nor was his presence in Naples merely ornamental, as he, in his capacity of admiral, had much to do with the control and management of the fleet. The Count of Trapani, the youngest of the family, was also the one about whom people had the least to say. He had married, by dispensation, his niece, the daughter of his sister Marie Antoinette, the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, and the sight of his poor little children as they took a daily walk through

the garden of the Villa, preceded by the wet-nurse, gorgeous in crimson or purple satin, and loaded with earrings of the size of egg-cups, each attended by its own nurse, and the whole party followed by two gigantic footmen in the blue and red livery of the House of Bourbon, was pitiable in the extreme. Pale, ugly, and with their ancles supported by irons, they formed ghastly arguments against the propriety of marriages of such close affinity.

Around the royal family would naturally group the great officers of state and the military household of the king, and the numerous nobles who possessed the sign that marked the rank of chamberlain; the right to bear and to use which was denoted by a little strap on their coats, fastened by a little button of its own, alongside of the two master-buttons which until of late years were necessary integral parts of all garments calling themselves coats. These nobles lacked neither historic names, lofty titles, glittering decorations, nor courtly manners. Ancient titles of French and Spanish etiquette designated the officers of the

royal household. Pietrantonio Sanseverino, Prince of Bisignano, was grand master and superintendent of the household; the Marquis Imperiale was grand ecuyer; S. Marulli, Duc d'Ascoli, whose person was one mass of decorations, was Sommelier du Roi. The Princes of Ischiatella and Castelcicala shared with his Royal Highness of Trapani the honour of being adjutant-general to the king. General Nunziante, Duca di Mignano, whose father superintended the summary execution of the ex-king Joachim Murat, was one of the "officiers a l'immediation du Roi." The ministers were for the most part mere clerks, but the minister of foreign affairs, the Commander Caraffa, would have been anywhere noted as a gentleman. The Duca di Serra Capriola was a man of ancient name and high character. Vice-president of the Council of State, the superintendent-general of the health of Naples, was the representative of a younger branch of the Medici, the Prince of Ottajano. The ecclesiastical dignitaries were sufficiently numerous to constitute a court in themselves, the dominions of King Ferdinand being distributed

under the rule of no less than twenty-three archbishops, two of whom were cardinals. Riario Sforza, Cardinal Archbishop of Naples, bore a name that has echoed in many a stormy tale of mediæval Italian history; and Joseph Cosenza, Cardinal Archbishop of Capua, who shared with the Grand Prior of St. Nicolas at Bari, the Archbishop of Ravenna, and the Prior of Loretto, the dignity of the first ecclesiastical positions in Italy next to the tiara itself, had been originally a poor barefooted boy, taken for charity to sweep the convent in which he afterwards distinguished himself by his application and by his learning. An aged man, his gentle dignified face and tall bent figure contrasting with the bright geranium coloured satin of his robe, he was universally spoken of with respect, and by no one treated with more veneration than by the king.

Thus on the few rare occasions on which the state apartments of the palace were thrown open, there was no want of a stately company to do the honours of the court. The nobles and chevaliers who had the *entrée* were very numerous, their

names and titles historic, their costumes and appearance at times exceedingly picturesque. The feudal system, extinct only under the first Ferdinand of Bourbon, had left signs of its long prevalence in the numbers of princes, and dukes, and nobles, claiming the precedence, though no longer the power, of grand feudatories of independent jurisdiction. Quaint and massive forms of antique coronets might be seen on the brows of some of the duchesses, who in these remains of the former insignia of their rank, and in the closed coronets which they bore on their carriages, still asserted a dignity equal to that of the minor sovereigns of Germany. It is very true that some of them might be miserably poor. Duchesses, if caught unawares in morning *dishabille*, are to be seen in dresses which a respectable English housekeeper would scorn to wear. The fare, too, at many a noble board was at times of the sparest and most frugal. But when the hour of promenade came all was forgotten: a carriage and pair, a showy promenade dress, an occasional box at the opera, were the great objects and aims of life. With

these secured, anything else might be put up with; to ensure these, anything else might be endured. The excitement and the inexpensive glitter of a court form the very life of a noblesse of this description, a noblesse who, under the influence of a luxurious and enervating climate, share so many of the characteristics of the lazzaroni. When the earthquake of 1858 sent all the inhabitants of Naples in terror from their houses this community of disposition became more manifest. Terror fused the whole social hierarchy into one undistinguishable mass, and ladies of title passed three nights in their carriages hard by the fishermen of the bay, who slept in the streets in their baskets or curled under their inverted boats.

However imposing and brilliant were these elements of the Neapolitan court, not one of them could be accounted anything but subservient to the central figure. Probably no king has ever been so little understood by his contemporaries out of his dominions as Ferdinand II. of the Two Sicilies. Abuse has been heaped upon him which, if not altogether unmerited, has been at least ignorantly

applied. A soubriquet that had rather a terrible significance has been so frequently applied in England as a term of ridicule, that it has passed in the minds of many into an actual *prenomen;* and the captain of an English merchantman once horrified a party of very loyal Neapolitans by saying, on seeing the portrait of Ferdinand, in what he meant to be a very respectful tone, "So that is King Bomba!" The terror of his audience, who thought that the invisible and ever-present police would at once swoop down on the auditors of such a treasonable remark, it is not easy to describe.

In the sculpture gallery of the British Museum, on the right hand as you enter, is a series of busts of the Roman Emperors, which, as a physiognomical study, is almost without a rival in the world. Let the reader call to mind the head of the fifth successor of the mighty founder of that Imperial line, a discoloured bust, which, when the light falls in a proper direction, has a wonderful simulance of life, and he will see a face which, though far grander and more classic in outline, might yet pass for a representation of the darker moods of King

Ferdinand II. With a feebler nose and a less capacious forehead, he yet bore a striking resemblance to the later busts of the Emperor Nero—one of those marvellous instances of the presence of the same face while the individual features are different that is often the hidden cause of a family likeness. Moral causes may be thought to produce physiognomical, or at all events pathognomical resemblance, but there was not such a community of character between these two Italian princes as to enable the physiognomist thus to account for the resemblance. Both, indeed, were absolute, and both were cruel. But there is no room to hold that Ferdinand took any pleasure in cruelty, or carried punishment beyond the limits of what he considered to be policy. He had a singular abhorrence of the punishment of death, and strove hard to avoid its application even to his own intended assassin. In Ferdinand was present a mind of rare ability, dwarfed by the infallible process of a Neapolitan education; a character of great energy misapplied and misspent. In Nero was a loftier mind driven over the verge of mad-

ness by the fearful load of absolute, supreme, universal power.

The person of King Ferdinand the Second was tall and portly, second only in height and in dignity of bearing to the late Emperor Nicolas of Russia. Never seen out of uniform, he yet rarely encumbered himself when not in public with either sword or spurs, and when he wore his sabre he had the habit of clicking his spur against the steel scabbard in a manner that always indicated in what part of a crowded room he might happen to be present. His voice was loud and full, the tone of the master on all occasions; the general impression which he produced on a bystander at first extremely unpleasant. But wait till your turn came to be addressed, fill your mind with all prejudices current, recall facts that were *not* prejudices, but that had the same effect on the mind, resolve to hurry from his presence the moment that it decently could be done—resolve as you would, all hatred and malice vanished before the magic charm of his manner the moment that he addressed himself to you. It was not only that King Ferdi-

nand was the perfect master of that part of the art of king-craft that may be, and often is, acquired by cultivation, that his memory was never at fault —that he knew who you were, and seemed to know all about you when he addressed you—that he had the art of putting you at your ease by introducing the subjects with which you were best acquainted,—but with and beyond all this he had the rare and almost unique gift of establishing a sort of intimacy with you in a few seconds. By some inexplicable and unerring magic he produced the impression on your mind that you had feelings, hopes, interests in common, that the king thought of that which weighed on your mind—that it would be his pleasure to aid you in your objects by the exercise of his power. There was perhaps more of this winning and caressing manner evinced towards foreigners than towards his own subjects. If any presumed on the king's kindness to forget his dignity he was likely to be very sharply and publicly put to shame; but all who sought his presence, with the few and rare exceptions when he thought fit personally to express his displeasure

(he usually expressed it in a far different manner) left it under the influence of his glamour. It was the rarest thing to see any person leave the presence of King Ferdinand, if honoured with ever so brief an audience, without a radiant countenance. It was yet rarer for any one to leave the presence of his unfortunate son and successor without an expression of discomfiture or of disgust.

In this constant affable reception of those who sought him lay the elements of King Ferdinand's education. He had the gift to bid each man bring him of his best, and that best he took then and there. On all subjects of engineering, of architecture, of military history, of fortification, of improvements in manufacture of weapons, of foreign customs, of national or family history, of scientific inventions, he was ever a keen questioner and an attentive auditor, throwing in enough remarks of his own to assure his interlocutor that he must be precise and accurate in his statements. Even in politics, although this was rare, the king would at times talk with much apparent candour with an Englishman. A close acquaintance with the sove-

reign led to the conviction that if he had been sent in his youth from the Circean atmosphere of Naples, if he had received anything of the stern and sound education which did so little for his maternal uncle of Orleans, he would have been one of the most popular and successful, as well as one of the ablest, of European sovereigns.

That ability was exerted, however, in a fatally false direction. Knowing intimately his own people, and knowing none besides, King Ferdinand came to the unhappy practical conclusion that universal untruthfulness could only be dealt with by a yet more profound and subtle untruth. So far did he carry the maxim "Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare," that those who knew him most intimately never knew when and how far he deceived them, or when and how far he deceived himself. Keep beside him, and he was all that you could desire—lose sight of him for a moment, and you might find yourself in the next five minutes under arrest.

Poerio was a remarkable instance of this incalculable oscillation of treatment. One day he came

to a friend, a counsel of liberal sentiments, with a radiant face. "My heart is full," he said, "Caro Enrico, I must open it to you: the hopes of my life are on the point of accomplishment—there is a bright future for our country. I breakfasted with Ferdinand this morning—I now fully understand him. After breakfast we took our cigars together, walking up and down under the orange trees on the terrace of the palace, and he fully opened his views to me. They are all that I could wish. There is a future for us all."

That night Poerio was under arrest, and his long and cruel captivity had commenced.

There was, as a part of the king's bonhommie, a certain fondness for practical jokes that was not wholly alien to this darker side of his character. During the lifetime of his first queen, Marie Christina of Savoy, daughter of Victor Emanuel I. and co-heiress by blood of the eldest extant branch of the House of Stuart, a princess whose memory is treasured by the people as that of a saint, an English lady of noble birth was admitted to the honour of taking a hand of cards with the king,

the queen, and a native nobleman. The queen after some time rose, and King Ferdinand slyly and adroitly availed himself of the occasion to withdraw the chair on which she had been sitting. Her Majesty—and it will hardly be credited that she was at the time in a situation requiring tender care—fell to the ground. The confusion of the king's partner at cards was not diminished by Marie Christina's indignant retort that she had intended to marry a gentleman—she found she had married a lazzaroni. The blood of the Stuarts came out in a speech such as our own Elizabeth might have made, if she could haveever realised such an outrage on a royal lady. Queen Elizabeth, in her last moments, made a summary distribution of the human race into kings and rascals; Marie Christina lived to take a simpler view.

VIII.

THE BOURBON GOVERNMENT OF NAPLES.

THE industry and application to business of King Ferdinand were of the first order. He rose at four and betook himself to the labours of his cabinet. The voluminous reports of his ministers all required and received the royal perusal. The system of personal inspection of the minutest details of Government, introduced by Philip II. of Spain, was carried out by Ferdinand of Naples to an extent impossible in the wider dominions of the Spanish monarchy. The number of men to be employed on the repair of a road, the limit of height of a new palace, that might interfere with the light or with the prospect of that of a neighbouring proprietor, the appointment to the humblest post—nothing was too trivial to be decided by the express direction of the monarch. His ministers were but his clerks; and not one of them, when presenting to his master his most elaborate reports, but had

the unpleasant suspicion that possibly there was lying *perdu* at that moment in some corner in the king's secretaire an anticipatory, confirmatory, or condemnatory report from some other source, containing, it might be, information that had escaped his own researches, or which he had thought proper to withhold. Decidedly those were the happiest ministers who were the least anxious, the least able, and the merest men of routine. Capacity of a high order, if even merely administrative, was out of place in King Ferdinand's cabinet.

The machine of State, of which the motive, the controlling, and the balancing power thus resided in one bosom, could not fail to fall year by year into more hopeless decay. The idea of the delegation of the royal power to the provincial intendents, and the communication of these officers with their superiors the Secretaries of State, was simple enough, but to carry out every order, to frame every report, a vast hierarchy of ill-paid, ill-informed, idle, corrupt officials had to be set in movement. The mere cashiering of half or of two-thirds of the employés of the Government, with the division

of their salaries among the remainder, would alone have greatly expedited public business. A system of which the heart was the monarch, while the finger-ends and toes, so to speak, were men whose main object was not to write a single character or to take a single step that they could avoid, or that they were not in some unofficial way paid for doing, was eminently fitted for collapsing on the first external shock, as indeed signally proved to be the case. That a shrewd ruler like Ferdinand II. should not have seen that officials whose pay was so paltry that they must be bribed in order to do more than starve, and who yet daily appeared on the Corso in their carriages, could not be depended on for the efficient discharge of their duties as his own subordinate servants, is inexplicable. But the king so far entered into the system as, to a certain extent, not only to share in the corruption, but to *bribe himself.* Formal proof of this is not easy to be adduced, but officials of every grade concurred in the statement that on New Year's Day the holder of every ministerial portfolio waited on his Majesty with the fruits,

in actual bank orders—or *fede di Banco* as they are called—of the year's economies in his department. A certain budget had been arranged for each, and the expenditure had always to be kept under this limit. Here was a regiment in which the effective strength had been kept so much below its efficiency on paper, and here was the result of the saving. There it was public work ordered and not carried out, and the sum saved accompanied the explanation. All these sums, less some proportionate compliment returned to the minister, found their way into the private royal treasury, and swelled the accumulated store which, invested in Neapolitan and in European funds, or represented by actual gold in the vaults of the fortress of Gaeta, were supposed to make King Ferdinand II. the wealthiest person in the world.

It resulted from this system that no department of the Government was trustworthy. So much time necessarily, and so much more unnecessarily, was occupied in each transaction by the mere dead weight of routine, that ample opportunities occurred for leakage, and persons interested in the adminis-

trative treatment of any case had, if they were able and willing to pay, for the most part the means of obtaining full abstracts, or even copies, of the documents prepared, before they received the ministerial or the royal signature. This circumstance, however, was accompanied by the countervailing disadvantages, that not only could no avowed and open use be made of information thus obtained, but some doubt must always have existed as to the perfect accuracy of these extra or infra official reports. None the less was the whole machinery of Government vitiated in its action by the inherent feebleness of ever-present distrust.

Individual facts, when capable of distinct recital and absolute proof, may do more to enable an observer to realise the condition of society or the order of public affairs than pages of the best considered opinions. From innumerable instances of the working of the administration of the later years of the Bourbon rule at Naples one may be selected, because it lies, as it were, in a nutshell, and because, confined although it is in its application to a single office of the Government, it

defines the tone of the whole administration in narrating an act of the prime minister.

During the last stormy months of the Bourbon rule in Naples, an Englishman, who had a large claim on that Government, applied to the English Minister for advice and for assistance. That minister, a man of great courtesy towards his compatriots, and of prompt activity in the conscientious discharge of the duties of his post, on looking into the matter came to the conclusion that the claim was just, and that the claimant deserved the support of the legation in his efforts to procure its discharge. He had an interview with the Prime Minister on the subject, the result of which promised to be satisfactory, and the substance of the conversation was communicated verbally by the English Minister to the claimant, and to no one else. It had been proposed that the English Minister should take his compatriot to call on the Neapolitan Premier on the return of the latter from his *villegiatura*, or May holiday in the country, and that the matter should be equitably and amicably settled.

Two days later the Englishman received a visit from a Neapolitan of his acquaintance, who, although not a man in any ostensible position of confidence, was yet known to have, by some means or other, access to personages of the highest influence and power. "So you have been applying to So and so," said the visitor, naming the Premier, "to settle your matter?" "How do you know that?" "I know it so well that I can tell you all that passed between his Excellency and the English Minister." Then followed a recital of the conversation already mentioned. Armed with this token of credence the visitor proceeded to say, "Are you willing to pay ten thousand ducats for the settlement of the matter? If you are, the thing is done." Unfortunate experience had taught the Englishman a caution that was not inherent in his character. The position was delicate—a trap might yawn on either side. The course that instinctively suggested itself of denouncing the offer was not suited to the latitude of Naples. Even the English Minister would only shake his head when informed of the cir-

cumstance. The reply given, therefore, was, that in a matter of such importance and delicacy it was useless to gossip or to discuss contingencies that might be imaginary, but that if the negotiator would make a clear and definite proposal, and would show distinctly his authority for making that proposal, a definite reply should be given. This, of course, he promised to do. Equally of course, nothing more was done in the matter. To allow the affixing of so definite an ear-mark to a piece of extra-official business was too hazardous even for the rapacity of Italian officials. The claim remains unsatisfied to this hour; admitted, indeed, in the blandest manner to be equitable—but resting there.

The Italian Prime Minister in question was a man not unknown to Europe. He was one of those who were, for a few days, looked to as regenerators of the country. His official experience was large; his administrative capacity undoubted. Perhaps long retirement from public affairs had in some degree spoiled his hand for the successful conduct at the same time of official and of private business.

Take another example from another department

of the administration. An English family that had been for some time resident in the vicinity of Naples was about to leave the country. Among their packages were one or two of books, and as the opening and unpacking of these amid the dirt and confusion of a railway station would have been a serious inconvenience, the owner waited on the Director of the Customs to request that any necessary examination might be made at his own residence, at his own expense, and the packages might be then sealed with the custom-house seal, so as to avoid disturbance *en route*. His request met with the most courteous reception, was admitted to be perfectly reasonable, and the applicant was desired to take no trouble in the matter, but, on arriving at the railway station with his luggage, to ask for a certain porter, whose name was given, who would do all that was necessary. The directions thus given were followed, the porter made his appearance, the packages were taken to an unoccupied room, and the porter made one of those pantomimic signs, such as a gentle friction of the thumb and forefinger, which, in Neapolitan,

are hieroglyphics for the grand word *Denaro*. The Englishman handed him three or four francs and the porter disappeared. Presiding over the removal of the luggage from the train, and the examination of such packages as were subjected to official scrutiny, were two extremely well dressed personages, in glossy coats and hats, gold watch-chains, pale kid gloves, and of course each enjoying the never absent cigar. To these gentlemen the porter, after one of those incomprehensible detours that seem to spring from the Italian doubt of the axiom that a straight line is the shortest that can be drawn between two points, made his way under the very eyes of the Englishman. A word or two followed—a slight shade came over the serenity of the officials—but the money handed to the porter was as certainly handed by him to one of the kid-gloved hands. In a short time, and after another detour, the porter returned. "The signor's luggage is no doubt perfectly *en regle*, but there are so many packages that the gentlemen think that four francs is rather an inadequate compliment for their taking the trouble to come

down to pass it." There was short time for debate, with ladies and children on the platform, and the steamer shrieking for its freight. "How much do the gentlemen think would be adequate?" "Signor"—for when it comes to the point Italians *can* do business promptly—"three francs more." The three francs were paid, the porter raised his hand, his subordinates rushed from all sides on the luggage, and very shortly, and without any further trouble, all was safely deposited in the boat that conveyed it to the steamer. Of course, the *facchini* who took charge of the transit and embarkation came in for their little gratuities, but the whole affair was executed with promptitude and on reasonable terms. The alternative would have been a day's delay, loss of the steamer, and, although there was nothing on which a single grain of duty could have been charged, expense and inconvenience amounting to three times the sum of the seven francs shared between the kid gloves and the business-like porter.

Nothing can be more unjust, although few things are less uncommon, than to present isolated or

exaggerated occurrences as typical examples. Such injustice has been carefully shunned in the present instance. Two examples have been selected from a long experience of the working of the system of government directed by the Bourbon monarchs of Naples. They have been selected because they are brief as well as characteristic, because they comprise within their experience the highest and the lowest limits of official activity, and because they come, in each minute detail, within the immediate personal knowledge of the narrator. Is it to be wondered at that an administration of which corruption formed so integral a part should have come down like a house of cards at the first impact of the sledge-hammer wielded by Garibaldi?

IX.

THE POLICY OF THE KINGS OF NAPLES.

THE policy of the rulers of Italy, to carry the question no further back than to the accession of the House of Bourbon in Naples, has somewhat varied in accordance with the condition of their Italian or their foreign nationality. In the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, now wrested from the House of Hapsburg, and in the smaller principalities ruled over by members or close allies of the imperial family, when there was the strength of a great military monarchy on which to fall back, the obedience of the people was all that was required, their assent or their contentment were questions of no moment. Free from any need to seek the love of their subjects, differing from them in habit and in temperament, the German sovereigns of Italy exercised for the most part a just, though a severe rule, and earned the respect, if they incurred the hatred, of their subjects. The position of the

King of Naples was less simple. Shut off from immediate contact with the Austrian dominions by the States of the Church, he was left face to face with his subjects more completely than any other Italian prince. For more than six centuries the division of the kingdom of Naples from the Empire and from the German States of Italy had been held to be an essential condition of the temporal power of the Papacy. The most far-sighted statesmen of Italy had recognised this condition of the papal rule, and from the care given by the Popes themselves permanently to sever Naples from the Empire, it is evident what was the policy, in this respect, of the Papal See. To divide Italy into opposed and counterbalancing fractions, to appropriate any portion that could be devoured to the founding of a majorat in favour of some nephew of a Pope, or to extend the Patrimony of St. Peter, were the efforts of successive pontiffs; but the independence of the Southern kingdom and its close ecclesiastical alliance with the Papacy were ever regarded as essential to the Italian balance of power. Macchi-

avelli himself declared that the Papal temporal rule must vanish if Northern and Southern Italy were every united under the same sceptre.

The Bourbon kings, therefore, while closely assimilating their principles of Government to those approved by the Papal See, have had to regard their Austrian neighbours on the one hand, and their own excitable subjects on the other. They learned to look to the former, in case of need, for aid against the latter. Unable as well as unwilling to inaugurate a steady policy of their own, which should have been inconsistent with the principles of government adopted in the States of the Church or in Austrian Italy, they felt their inability to exert unaided the then unflinching sway of the German potentates. Thus they had to temporise and to flatter their own subjects at one time, and to ask for Austrian aid, or the promise of it in case of need, at another. They formed an army of considerable force for the size of their dominions. King Ferdinand gave great attention to his troops, and dismissed a Minister of War for having ventured on the cynical remark that it seemed as if

his Majesty really thought his troops were able to meet an enemy. Thus the army took the place of an internal police. The frontier was guarded by the Austrian troops, the Austrian ideas of absolute rule were fully carried out, but the Austrian administration of law was replaced by one more suited to the habits, though not to the wants, of the Neapolitans. If Ferdinand II. was not a king after their own hearts, he was certainly a king after their own likeness.

However limited might be the historic knowledge of the Neapolitan sovereigns, there were certain events in their own family of which they could neither be ignorant nor unmindful. The great aunt of Ferdinand II. had perished on the scaffold. The sufferings and exile of the elder royal line of Bourbon had been the wonder of the age. The names of Rienzi and of Masaniello were unforgotten in Naples, and a sovereign of lazzaroni, himself reared in their volcanic climate, could hardly regard the populace of his capital except in the character of a wild animal of uncertain temper, placable enough when fed and soothed to

sleep, but liable at any moment to an awful awakening in a fit of ungovernable rage. It is well that the Neapolitan mob are ordinarily good-humoured, for no city is so terrible in its fury as is that which sleeps and dances under the shadow of Vesuvius.

The policy of King Ferdinand, therefore, was defined alike by his position and his education. It is perfectly intelligible. Like an able general, he had successive lines of defence before resorting to an impregnable citadel. First he stood upon the *statu quo*. He maintained the best relations with the absolute courts. He was more Papal than Rome itself. By the activity of his *sbirri*, by the disposition of his army, by the active aid of the clergy, by the careful adaptation of all forms of education to suit his system, by the instant trampling out of any spark of unwelcome intelligence or undue precocity at the moment of its appearance, he thought it possible to hold his own, it might be, for many years. Therefore he discouraged foreign or internal intercourse, he left roads unmade, he kept railways in just such a condition as to prevent,

while he promised, progress; he set guards at the post office who scrutinised the features of every one who approached to drop a letter into the box. But if the contagion of ideas should pass the Neapolitan quarantine, if the fire of revolution should spread to his carefully guarded dominions, the king had a second defence, to which he adroitly retreated. He found that his beloved subjects were fit for a higher degree of liberty, and he cheerfully accorded it to them. He swore to a constitution. Liberty was to be inviolate. Peers and deputies were to be inviolate, and were to deliberate and to vote. The budget was to be raised according to the taxes imposed by the representatives of the people. The constitution, it is true, did not remain many days intact; as agitation diminished, the king ever pressed back towards his old position. But it was always with the same prompt obedience to circumstances that he watched and watched. Absolute master of to-day, ready, if compelled, to put on the red bonnet to-morrow, rather than see it worn by any hotter and less astute head that might drive him from his palaces and his forts.

Yet a third line of defence—or rather a third refuge—was open to him. If the worst came to the worst, if Naples rose in earnest, and not half betrayed by the instigations of the police, if the wrath and agony of the nation once burst into irrepressible fury, the king had his wealth to fall back upon. Anywhere on the surface of the earth where money could command safety and luxury, Ferdinand II. would still be a king—a king in all save actual power, and a king freed from that constant daily toil to which he rose at four in the morning. In the English, in the French, in the Austrian funds, under various names and trusts, the investments of the king were large. So considerable a proportion of the Neapolitan *Rente* was held by him, that a proposal for the conversion of the 5 per cent. stock, when it stood at the high price of 118, was quietly declined by the Minister of Finance on the ground that it would not be agreeable to his Majesty.

Strong in his threefold defence, relying first on his power, then on his adroitness, last on his wealth, King Ferdinand watched the course of

European events with the eye of a lynx, but with the composure of a man prepared for any event. If his conscience ever was uneasy it was not the fault of his chaplains. The mode in which reverence for his actions was catechetically taught by the clergy in their religious instructions has been pointed out by a well-known visitor to Naples. Strong in frame, temperate in habit, taking pleasure in the hard self-imposed labour of his *métier*, and above all things taking pleasure in the constant sense of being more subtle and adroit than any who approached or assailed him, King Ferdinand looked forward to a reign as lengthened as that of his grandfather. On one of the last audiences which he gave at Caserta, the term of forty years having been casually mentioned, one of his subjects expressed the pious wish that the king's reign might extend to that further period of time. "*Vabbene, vabbene*," said the king, "*Vedremo* how old are you?" "I have the honour of having been born in the same year with your Majesty." "Well, you look as if you had forty

years' more work in you. Come, I see no reason why I should not keep my place here for another forty years,—no, not any."

A more subtle fencer than King Ferdinand took another view of the case. The king's guard was good, but was not so secure but that death got within it. The terror with which he reigned was reflected to the heart of the ruler, and although Ferdinand escaped the blow of the assassin Milano, the moral effect of that attack unquestionably hastened his end.

X.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE ancient inhabitants of Campania shared with their contemporaries the current belief in omens. Visible and what we call accidental occurrences were anxiously watched as indications of the future. In part, this faith in omens may be traced to the knowledge of what has been called natural magic, that profound observation of nature which is a sure basis of anticipation. It is thus that Virgil has referred to the activity of the emmets, or to the formation of fungi in the wick of the lamp, as signs of coming bad weather. It is thus that the activity of the spider, and the length and abundance of her silken cords, are pledges of continued sunshine. It is thus that sparks struck from the ground by the shoes of horses, or by the iron tip of staff or sabre, foretell change, and that the peculiar appearance of the Mediterranean Islands, when they seem to grow like mushrooms from the sea,

and overhang the surface of the water, is an almost invariable prognostic of a storm on the third day after the occurrence of the phenomenon.

Omens such as those afforded by the flight of birds and by the feeding of chickens may have originated in such observations. They may, on the other hand, have been attributed to the direct action of those intelligences that all people until the present century have supposed more or less actively to interfere in the course of human affairs, and thus to be regarded as direct and purposed warnings. The howling of a dog in many districts of our own country is still regarded as an evil omen of this nature. The inspection of the entrails of the sacrifices is a method of divination not dissimilar to the examination of the forms assumed by the grounds in a teacup; and the reference of a decision to the arbitrement of chance, in the form of tossing up, is yet frequent among ourselves.

The superstition of the modern Campanians chiefly manifests itself in two forms. The first, consistently with the character of the age no less than with that of the people, has a direct pecuniary

bearing. It is an attempt to predict for the purpose of gaining money. Not fortune-telling, not prediction for others, but divination of the lucky numbers that will come out as prizes in the next week's lottery. Four-fifths of the intellectual activity of Naples may be thought to be concentrated on this important point.

Rules for the attainment of this knowledge are numerous. Some men attempt a scientific determination. They procure statements of all the prize numbers for some ten years past, and calculate thence what as yet unproduced combinations remain, according to the doctrine of chances, to come forth from the wheel. The hiatus in this scientific mode is, that it does not indicate in which week the missing numbers are to be issued. Thus every casual event of life has its number. A monk goes for so many, a dog for so many, a bleeding at the nose for such a number. A constant watchfulness is excited, and if a Neapolitan be seen at any time engaged with pencil and paper it may be taken as almost certain that he is occupied in lottery calculation.

It has been explained how the income of the country was so carefully administered by the sovereign that the economies on the annual budget found their way to the royal purse. Of all sources of State revenue the most easily collected income was that of the lottery. The chances, accurately calculated, are of course disproportionately in favour of the bank, but the few large prizes that have been rarely drawn seem to keep up in all classes the excitement of ardent hope. King Francis I., who naturally felt that the amount of prizes was so much out of his own pocket, used to say that he feared no possible lottery predictions except dreams. Dreams, his Majesty thought, at times gave certain indications of the fortunate numbers. A remarkable instance of this nature occurred not many years ago.

A Neapolitan architect, in passing from Naples to Bari, slept at a little antique town perched on the western watershed of the Apennines, famous for the commanding grandeur of its prospect and for the classic beauty of its women, named Ariano. The beds in the *locanda* at Ariano are not of a

nature to invite sleep, and the traveller preferred to seek repose on his coat and rug spread on the floor of the chamber. As he slept, the blessed Virgin appeared to him, and exhibited to him three numbers, let us say as illustration, 18, 27, 36. He awoke in great excitement, and immediately wrote the numbers on the floor beside him with chalk. On rising in the morning he copied them carefully in his pocket-book, made his way to the lottery-office, and placed a few piastres on the figures in question in such a manner, according to the laws of the lottery, that if they came out at the next drawing in the order in which he inscribed them he would have been entitled to thirty thousand piastres. When the next drawing took place the very figures, in the very order, were placarded as issuing from the wheel. He rushed frantically to the office to claim his prize. It was not his. "You deserve to be killed," said the official. "You wrote down the correct numbers—I saw them, as you say, in the book which you brought when you paid me. But look here: you would not trust me to write them down—you would write them

yourself in my book. Here are your figures, —18, 72, 36. You have reversed the second number. If you had let me write, as I ought to have done, you would have had the prize sure enough."

The effect on the people of an organized system of gambling, suited to the means of all classes—for the offices will take a sum as small as twopence halfpenny—and constant in the excitement which it supplies, may be readily conceived to be most pernicious. One of the first acts of Garibaldi was the suppression of the State lottery. Public opinion, such as it is, and those exigencies of revenue that could not forego the only tax which collected itself, were too strong for the well-meaning enthusiast. The decree duly appeared in the Gazette, but the lottery, as duly, makes its weekly declaration of prizes. It will be understood that the prize given to the holder of one successful number out of the ninety-nine that are weekly drawn is inconsiderable. The prediction of all three, and that in their order, which gives the highest prize, is of the rarest possible occurrence, and the instance

just quoted was confirmatory of King Francis's fear of the illuminating power of dreams.

If one of the prevalent superstitions above mentioned be connected with gain, the other is connected with terror. It is a part, as it were an independent and self-acting part, of that terror under which the Southern Italians are wont to live, terror of the flames of purgatory, terror of the *Ergastoli* of the police, terror of the evil eye. Hardly a watch-chain will be seen that is not provided with an amulet to ward off this dreaded curse. Certain pagan antiquities, intimately connected with the gestures that are considered efficacious against the power of the *Jettatore*, seem to link this superstition with the times when Pompeii flourished. No class of society is exempt from the fear. In the highest circles you may sometimes see a strange expression of alarm and of disquiet spread over the party, and the rapid thinning of the room. If you are familiar with Southern Italy you will at once divine the arrival of some reputed *Jettatore*, some one who from rank and position may not be refused admission,

but whose glance is feared even more than that of the *mouchard.*

A nobleman of ancient name had the ill fame of being the most terrible *Jettatore* in Naples. If for that very reason alone, his presence was invariably marked by misadventure. The last public ball to which invitations were issued by the Sommelier du Roi did not include the name of this noble. He waited on the *Maggior-domo Maggiore*, the Prince of Bisignano, to request the card which had failed to reach him. The prince laid the application before the king. "It cannot be refused," said his Majesty, "he must have it, as he has asked for it. It is very unfortunate—send it him; but you will see that the ball will not take place." Neither did it. An unexpected death in the royal family intervened between the date of the invitation and that of the ball; and the latter was put off, and was never given. Of course, this event added to the terror caused by the presence of the unfortunate *Jettatore.*

Among people thus trained to attribute portentous weight to the slightest unusual occurrence

the successive arrival of three extraordinary events, each in itself well calculated to strike terror, may be supposed to have caused a profound emotion, and that in none more forcibly than in the typical Neapolitan, King Ferdinand II. Two of these events were of a nature very closely resembling each other. All the three were the work of human hands—of human crime, or of human heedlessness so inconceivable as in itself to amount to crime. In either case it needs no superstitious explanation to designate them as terrific warnings alike to prince and to people, as indications of a state of society that would not long endure without explosion or collapse.

In the neighbourhood of the Museo Borbonico in Naples, a good mile from the royal palace, are several noble mansions of some antiquity. One of these, lately repaired, luxurious with marble courts and staircase, and well-tended garden, green with a constant fountain, was distinguished by a large quantity of glass, the first floor being almost surrounded by glazed galleries or conservatories. The inmates of this palace, and indeed of every

other house in Naples, were startled about noon one sultry day by a sound new and terrible to their ears. A shot, or rather a bomb, seemed suddenly to have struck the house. Every window shivered in its metal casement, and the sound of falling and splintering glass added to the dismay of the moment. Each man asked his neighbour what it was—no one could tell. Had Vesuvius suddenly burst into eruption? Was it an unwonted form of earthquake? People rushed into the street. To the south, in the direction of the royal palace, a dense black cloud, of clearly defined outline, hung heavily in the air. "It is an attack on the king," was the first impression. "The palace has been mined and blown up." Off rushes every one towards the palace. Soon the streets become impassable from the throng, the whole length of the Toledo is filled with one surging mass of human beings—terror, hope, curiosity, anxiety on every face. On coming within half or three quarters of a mile of the palace, a new phenomenon meets the eye. Where are all the windows? Not one single whole pane of glass is to be seen

in a single house. The large window frames are absolutely empty, or crossed by the disordered bands of brass that were used to connect the panes of glass, with here and there a ragged and threatening quarry hesitating only when to fall. Look beneath—on footway and on road a fine brilliant white gravel shows what has become of the window panes. Every sheet of glass for a radius of more than half a mile has been shivered by that terrific shock.

Soon it became evident, by that mute telegraphic system which has attained such perfection in Naples, that the palace is standing—there are no signs of the king having been suddenly summoned to a tribunal more terrible than that of Navarro. Presently you come on a witness of what has taken place. A man was sitting at the door of a café, leisurely eating an ice. For the greater enjoyment of his ease he sat upon one chair and supported his legs on another. With that explosion came a stone through the air almost of the size of his body, and broke both his legs. He was one of but few sufferers from the explosion

of a powder magazine on the Mole, and the demolition of the turret beneath which it was placed. Who fired the powder was unknown. The king, then at Naples, was said to have fallen on his face at the shock, exclaiming that all was lost.

It is remarkable that a second event of almost precisely the same nature should have occurred within a few months. The time was one yet more calculated to inspire alarm. It was at eleven o'clock on Sunday evening. The opera-house of San Carlo was crowded with all the rank and fashion of Naples. Suddenly came a shock, almost precisely like that before described, excepting that it seemed to be more atmospheric in its medium, and not so much to lay hold upon the earth. The rain of broken glass instantly commenced its sharp, ringing, and continuous tinkle. But this was not all. To add to the horror of the scene, perfect darkness supervened. Such was the effect of the concussion, whether on the jets of gas, or on the large exposed surface of the gas-holder, or on both, that every lamp in Naples was extinguished. There was no moon. The starlight

ill replaced the brilliant illumination of gas. Every sort of rumour found instant birth—"It is the palace this time." "No, it must be the gasworks that have blown up." "It is the great depôt of powder at Baiæ, to which the stores of the arsenal were removed after the last explosion." It proved, however, to be the blowing up of the war-frigate, the Carlo Terzo, anchored in the bay, close beneath the shattered windows of the palace. How the spark got into the magazine was never discovered. Some of the crew perished with the vessel. The English man-of-war in the bay instantly manned her boats, and the English sailors were the only persons who tried, and that successfully, to save a few floating wretches who would otherwise have been left to sink unheeded, or to swim to arrest on shore. So the next morning, as was natural, brought the report that the English vessel had fired on the Carlo Terzo, exploding her magazine, and had then fired musketry on the struggling crew. That is how fact transforms itself in Naples.

The last warning, not in point of time but of

terror, was even more unmistakeable. Two great military and religious fêtes were annually held by the kings of the House of Bourbon in Naples. One was that of the *Pieda di Grotta*, on which it was the custom to march some forty or fifty thousand troops before the windows of the royal palace, to line the streets with a double hedge of soldiers, and then for the long defile of cavalry, infantry, and artillery—the latter including the flying batteries of small brass guns, conveyed on the backs of mules, and intended for mountain service—to proceed to a church in the neighbourhood of the Grotto of Posilippo. The military procession was followed by an empty state-carriage, a singular relic of Spanish etiquette, the *vettura di rispetto*, or coach of honour; then came marshals and pages in sumptuous uniforms; twelve state pages in the blue and white livery of the old Angevin monarchs of Naples; grenadiers of the household with stockings cross-gartered above the knees; the noble guard in bright cuirasses and leopard skins; the king and queen in state; the duke of Calabria, heir to the throne, whom it was very

difficult to persuade one's-self to believe to be really alive, he looked so like a wooden doll; the other princes and princesses in their order of succession and of precedence, each duly escorted. A stately horse bore two large purses of crimson velvet about the size of a sofa pillow, with golden tassels, containing the stated offering of the king at the shrine of Our Lady of Pieda di Grotta. They were not, however, full, and a much less capacious pouch would have been sufficient to contain the oblation. From four in the morning till four or five at night the streets from the palace to the western extremity of the lovely sea-terraces of Naples were thronged by this brilliant train.

The other festival, if less laborious to attend, was not less imposing. It was a special service of devotion to the Virgin, instituted by her protégées of the House of Bourbon, and celebrated in the Campo di Marzo, a fine open field on the ridge of Capo-di-Monte, commanding the city of Naples, by a review and a military Mass. The religious ceremony was over. The Archbishop who officiated stood before an altar raised under a tent in

the plain. At the elevation of the Host the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, the cannon thundered from field and from fort, and the whole army knelt. After the benediction the troops defiled before the king, who sat on horseback at the head of his aides-de-camp and military staff. Several regiments passed. The *cacciatori*, or chasseurs, a regiment to which General Nunziante had devoted great attention, recruiting it partly from foreign sources, with a view to replace the Swiss Guard when the Cantons would no longer agree to its maintenance, were marching by in fours at quick march and with bayonets fixed—those sabre bayonets that are such formidable and yet unwieldy weapons. The third file of a company of this regiment, as he passed the royal stand, called out "One, two, three," as if timing his pace, stepped at double quick time across the rank, and charged straight at King Ferdinand with the bayonet. Taken thus utterly by surprise, the king does not appear to have made any use of his sword. The thrust struck his holster, glanced upwards, and slightly grazed his side. The assailant gazed

wildly round, looking for the king to fall; and, as he raised his weapon again, an equerry of the king dashed his horse against him—he was thrown down and secured. All passed like a dream. But King Ferdinand was stirred by the peril to act like a king; the review was concluded as if nothing had happened, and before the news of the attempt and of the failure had spread through the city, the king himself, so long unseen, travelling at late hours, in closed vehicles, and evading the streets, was to be seen driving unescorted in an open phaeton and pair through all the principal thoroughfares. The first reply that Ferdinand made to the blow of Milano was to throw himself on the loyalty of his subjects.

It would have been well for the king if he had adhered to the conduct instinctively prompted by a gleam of the courage proper to his name. For several days he did so. The doors of the palace were open. Any one who ranked as noble or as knight had but to enter his name in the porter's book to enter. Monks who were not noble, and who palpably and sensibly were not washed,

which was worse, came by hundreds. Ecclesiastical dignities, brilliant uniforms, order-bearing foreign ministers, crowded every foot of the spacious state rooms and marble arcades of the palace. A diminutive prince in antique court dress, and tied to a sword of a size much more gigantic than his own, recalled to mind, and perhaps represented in person, the Rupilius to whom Cicero made a disparaging remark as to similar disproportion. The almost forgotten uniform of the Knights of Malta recalled the appearance of the legion of deputy-lieutenants whose unaccustomed martial garments adorn the courts held at St. James's. Every one was anxious, eager, hurried; and through the large throng, hour after hour, moved the king, his face bright with excitement and with joy at his escape no less than at the outburst it had produced, explaining to all who, after the Italian fashion, snatched at the hand which he strove, in return of courtesy, to snatch away before the lips touched it, how it was only the special interference of the Virgin that had saved his life

This restored sympathy between king and people did not last long. Addresses from all portions of the two kingdoms, expressing every possible phase of personal devotion, indeed, formed the staple of the official journal for many weeks. But the doors of the palace reclosed; the old inaccessibility of the king returned. A fortnight after the attempt, an Englishman, who had been honoured with many audiences by his Majesty, had occasion to present him with an Enfield rifle and bayonet, which the king desired to compare with the weapons of his own troops. As the king usually spoke to this gentleman at some length, he waited in a window of the palace while the other audiences, not many on that day, took place. He thus had time to watch the countenance of King Ferdinand. Death seemed to have set its seal there. The excitement and the flush of the last levee were gone, and a sense of constant, uncertain, unsatisfied alarm had replaced the *empressement* of the former day. It was less visible in personally addressing his Majesty, but so many alarmed glances were thrown from time to time on the

formidable weapon on which the Englishman leant that it occurred to him that—as on every occasion there is a *worst* thing possible to do—it would be an unrivalled opportunity of distinguishing one's self for *étourderie* to call the royal attention to the straight Enfield bayonet, and to intimate that if the chasseur then under trial had been armed with a similar weapon, the result of his charge would have been different. This whimsical idea was mentioned after the audience to one or two friends, and forgotten. But, six years afterwards, an Italian made the acquaintance of the Englishman in question, and, on learning his name, "What," cried he, "are you the *Signor* who told King Ferdinand that it was a pity that Agostino Milano had not been armed with an English bayonet?"

XI.

THE FORTUNE OF FERDINAND II.

If ever any sovereign turned his back upon good fortune it was King Ferdinand II. He had so many chances in his favour—he had so little to do to be loved—he was so thoroughly a man of his country and his time, that his good qualities were appreciated to the full; and as to his bad ones, his subjects felt that the less said about them the better—they were not peculiar to royalty. A little more deference to that instinct which takes the place of public opinion in the South, a little more liberality, a few prisoners pardoned when they had been condemned on false testimony, a few thousand ducats of the millions annually augmented thrown broadcast among the poor, and King Ferdinand's creed, on all possible and impossible subjects, would have been fervently followed by the mass of his people. Never did a prince, to use the homely proverb, so spoil a ship for

a halfpenny worth of tar. Instances of injustice and of oppression that, when reported in this country with a cry of indignation more honourable in its source than accurate in its expression, the Neapolitans had long been accustomed to—there passed for little. In a state of society such as we have endeavoured to sketch, the worst men are pretty sure to be the most active and distinguished. The best are content to escape observation. Zeal was the best claim to promotion, and zeal in the exercise of a policy of depression and isolation involves as its elements delation, falsehood, and cruelty. Had Ferdinand II. been an angel, his Government, considering who and what composed it, would have been nothing else than what Englishmen would consider an intolerable tyranny. It was the code of Neapolitan morals administered by Neapolitans to one another. The laws were for the most part good and just, but the effect of law is not in its language but in its administration.

But Ferdinand was not an angel, good or bad. Had he been one of the latter he would have been

a far more popular—nay, a far better—king. For he would then have had the penetration and the intelligence to know that by constantly appearing as the intercessor against hard sentences, and the mitigator of the evils caused by a venal administration, a corrupt bench, and a police ruling by terror, he would have ensured the absolute devotion of his subjects. And he would have known that if as a rule, or even if occasionally, he kept the word of a king, to which he often appealed, ninety-nine hundredths of his subjects would have died in the faith that he would at least keep it towards themselves.

The occasion of the earthquake in Calabria in 1858 was one of those in which a little of the *savoir faire* invariably shown on such occasions by the present ruler of France would have been enough to condone for any political misdeeds of King Ferdinand for years and years. It was said that as many as 30,000 people were killed, wounded, or left destitute by this great calamity. Sympathy was excited everywhere. English money came freely in to succour the survivors,

and it was only by the conviction that this money, somehow or other, reached no further in solacing the destitution caused by the earthquake than the rebuilding or redecorating the churches, that the impulses of charity were deadened. 50,000 ducats, dispensed by the king's own hand to the sufferers on the spot, might have been worth to him twenty years of secure and popular rule.

This misapprehension of the true key to his position was the more remarkable from the fact that the king by no means appeared to be an unkind man. He and all his brothers seemed to like to see people enjoy themselves. *Panem et circenses* are as necessary to the good humour of the Campanians to-day as they were to the Romans of the Imperial age, and the *circenses* are usually displayed in the shape of fireworks. But so little pleases a Neapolitan. Courteous himself, the charm of a courteous manner casts such a spell over him. Poor and frugal, and obliged to make a very small sum of money go a long way in the support of life, he does not like to be put off with fair words alone. He holds to it that

they should be accompanied with *qualche piccola cosa* in the shape of silver or of copper. But your exact paymaster, or even your munificent and contemptuous benefactor, is not to his taste. Much courtesy, some kindness, and a little money are specifics in dealing with him. And, in very many instances, if he is convinced that it is not good will that is wanting, he will put up with the want of specie rather than with a brusque and haughty manner.

Singularly, therefore, it came to pass that King Ferdinand lost the hold on his people which his entire sympathy with their feelings and habits, his magic charm of manner, and his unbounded wealth would have enabled him to retain and to increase, and that only at the cost of an exertion that would itself have been a pleasure to him. The outburst of loyalty, however interested or superficial, that followed the attempt of Milano was enough to overpay him tenfold for the alarm of the moment. But his worse genius prevailed. He left Naples by night, and by a gate of the palace rarely opened for a carriage. He withdrew

to Caserta, where he received almost no one, and a regiment of cavalry was employed in constantly patrolling the environs of the royal residence.

After a time it was mentioned, to persons who were waiting audiences or personal determinations on the part of the king, that his Majesty was not quite well. Business stood still, or got more and more into the hands of the ministers. At last the marriage of the Duke of Calabria was at hand. Fêtes were organised for the reception of the bridal pair. Triumphal arches were erected on the route by which they were expected to enter the capital, and quietly and unobserved the king and his family set out to meet the fair young princess on the Apulian coast.

The weather was cold, the hour was late when the king set forth on this ill-omened bridal expedition. Accidents occurred to the workmen employed on the scaffolding preparing for the fêtes, and death made its way into the palace. A sister of the king's had been borne, in the locked chest, covered with cloth of gold, that is prepared to contain the relics of the royal family

of Naples, to the Church of Santa Chiara, and the funeral *cortége* was graced by the unusual spectacle of the Dame d'atours of the deceased princess, a lady of handsome features and of majestic person, walking through the streets after the bier, followed by four ladies in waiting, all in the stately costume prescribed by Spanish etiquette. Then a niece of the king had followed her, and the young princess had grieved her parents by convincing them in her last moments that she was dying—not of disease, but of physicians. They manage these things now in Southern Italy as they did in France before the time of Molière. The physician sends you to the *Salassatore*, that is, the barber, whose chief activity is evinced in blood-letting, and the *Salassatore* sends you, pretty surely and soon, to the Campo Santo.

King Ferdinand had induced, by the most gracious personal condescension, an English engineer to come to Naples in order to construct an important trunk line of a railway from that capital to the famous port of Brindisi. English capital to a considerable amount had been expended on the

scheme, and capital, both from London and from Paris, was readily offered for its completion. By a long series of manœuvres, inexplicable out of Italy, the ministry had, either with or without the connivance of the king, contrived to throw constant obstacles in the way of the prosecution of a scheme which the king said, and the people showed, they so ardently desired. It therefore so happened that the railway was not available for the royal tour, and that instead of flying through a dark tunnel commenced by English miners near San Severino, and then winding through the valleys that lie under the hills of Avelino, the king was compelled to keep the line of the mail route, which painfully climbs the summits on which town after town were isolated by their early founders, again to plunge into the valleys, and again to ascend by a road so steep that in one instance the horses had to be removed from the carriage, and replaced by a sturdy pair of draught oxen. Ever impatient of slow motion, King Ferdinand left his carriage to warm himself by walking. The evening was chilly, and the rare phenomenon of snow obstructed

the road near the summit. The cold struck to the king; and as he went on and on through those tedious ascents and descents he was unable to shake it off, so that when at last the royal party debouched from the passes of the Apennines, and whirled along the magnificent road that runs through the *tavoliere* or broad sheep pastures of Apulia, past the ancient milestone that bears the name of the Emperor Trajan, and the number of thousand paces marked to its site from Rome, through the great Roman portal of Canosa, now half a mile from the shrunken city, over the narrow bridge that spans the Ofanto, hard by the battle-field of Cannæ, and so on, through rolling hills, rich in their growth of vine and olive to Bari, the second city of his continental dominions, the discomfort assumed the form of erysipelas or of fever. And the wedding party arrived at Bari in no very festive condition.

But King Ferdinand at forty-eight years of age, and stricken by the chill blasts of the Apennines, would yet have been a man better fitted to win the smiles of the fair young bride than was her

destined husband, Francis Duke of Calabria; that unfortunate descendant of Mary Queen of Scots, whose birth cost the life of his mother, whose wedding cost that of his father, and whose brief year of reign lost the crown of the Two Sicilies. Cold and impassive, without the slightest glow on his cheek or evidence of youthful emotion in his pulse, he obediently followed his father to meet his bride, as mechanically as if he had been only bound on a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Nicolas of Bari. The hopes of his father's subjects were fixed on the Duke of Calabria. Little was generally known about him, but the story ran that one day when he had left his carriage to walk up the incline leading to Capo-di-Monte he was beset by a crowd of beggars, to whom he replied that money he had none, but they were welcome to his carriage. The story, if true, might either have been an imbecility or a ruse, but it served to keep up a fire of hope and of loyalty that was sadly in want of fuel.

XII.

THE ROYAL ROUTE TO BARI.

THE royal route from Naples to Brindisi abounds in magnificent scenery, and after leaving the passes of the Apennines is one of the best in the world for a well-horsed carriage. Well-horsed, indeed, the carriage must be, and no choice in the matter is left to the traveller, for at each relay the post-master indicates the number of horses proper for the next stage, according to the weight of the vehicle, a number varying from three to six. Over the more level portions of the road the pace is very good—quite equal in celerity and in steadiness to the famous old Quicksilver mail which disappeared before the steam power of the South Devon Railway. And on the Apulian route there is the peculiarity that the postillions start on foot, run by their horses with shouts and terrible cracking of whips till the animals have attained the full regulated speed, and

then vault to their seats without a check. The famous *tavoliere* of Apulia, are broad rolling unbroken plains. In summer they are parched and arid, but after the autumnal rains they are soon covered with verdure, and the flocks are driven down from the hills, and tended on their plains for winter pasture. Foggia is the capital of the province, where the tax on wool and the payment for the pasturage is collected; and the difference between the summer and the winter state of the plains is one of the most striking features of this rarely-visited part of Italy.

Along the Adriatic seaboard, from Manfredonia to Monopoli, no good or natural harbour exists. At Barletta and at Bari, moles have been constructed for the use of the coasting service, but the ports are artificial, small, and in constant course of silting up. At Monopoli there is deep water close within shore, so that a man-of-war could lie near enough to the town to drop a sailor from her yards into the balcony of one of the ancient palaces that stand out sharp from the edge of the Adriatic.

And at Brindisi is a fine double harbour, which, although there is a bar at the mouth caused by the sinking of Pompey's fleet, is even now accessible to vessels of 500 tons burthen, and might readily be converted into both a mercantile and a military port of great safety and accommodation. The entrance is sheltered by a small island that might readily be made available for very admirable defence. Sooner or later, the tide of traffic will return to this ancient Roman port, the natural eastward harbour of Western Europe.

Murray's Handbooks are the ever-present badge by which, no less than by face, by manner, and by equipage, the travelling Englishman is recognisable at a glance. But for the route from Naples to Brindisi, we have a handbook some nineteen centuries older than those which issue from Albemarle Street, a handbook written when the site of London was a wood or a morass—and yet one containing indications that are true to this hour. The work in question is the epistle of Horace in which he describes his own journey to Brundusium.

The bread at Canosa is as gritty to-day as it was in the Augustan age—the waters at Bari as richly stored with fish. The traveller, however, no longer smiles to see the incense melt without fire on the altar at Egnace. The scene of that miracle has been transferred to Naples ; the form of its operation is slightly varied, but it is solemnly performed twice every year under the title of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. Some thousand years hence, when those of us who have witnessed this most marvellous phenomenon are forgotten, some philosophic writer may arise to defend the theory that the melting of Januarius's blood is nothing but a myth denoting the melting of the winter snow. It is thus that the undying legends of Italy are dealt with by the doctors of Germany.

The plains of Apulia are not wholly devoted to pasture: heavy wheat crops are raised in the province, and arable land is gradually increasing in area. At Cerignola exist vast subterranean granaries, stone walled pits not very dissimilar to the Oscan sepulchres at Cumæ, in which corn can be long

preserved. The bread is of the very finest quality, and the peasantry seem never without abundance. Barletta is the port of the corn trade, and contains fine magazines for the cereals. But the most striking feature of Barletta is the labour exchange. At the early hour at which the Italian begins his day, the peasants meet to discuss the distribution and the remuneration of their work, and the sturdy labourers go to their daily toil mounted on donkeys, each attended by his dog, and never unprovided with the sweet white bread of the country.

On crossing the Ofanto the country changes, becomes more undulated, and is covered with olives and with vineyards, being in a very high state of culture. The land is extremely fertile, and the road often crosses the beds of torrents, which afford a striking contrast to the waterless condition of so much of Capitanata and even of Campania. The architecture of the churches assumes a more Saracenic aspect, the beggary and idleness of the Neapolitan lazzaroni are nowhere to be seen. The people all look comfortable and well to do—the

women are laden with gold chains, and even indulge in the unusual luxuries of shoes and stockings, and gloves. The traveller seems to re-enter into the past as he commences his descent from the watershed at Ariano.

The modern element, however, reappears at Bari, although only in the form of the regular streets and squares of the new town; the mole, the castle, the cathedral, and the church of St. Nicolas, are of the past—the manners of the people are those of the East. After the early morning hour at which they attend Mass and fill the churches, the women are rarely seen in public. It is not thought correct to speak to a woman in the streets, and the houses are guarded with almost a Turkish jealousy.

There is an occasion, however, on which streets and churches are crowded by a mingled and motley company, and the busy circulation of the day is kept up by torchlight through the night. The fête of St. Nicolas of Bari is one famous in Southern Italy, and pilgrims come to visit the

tomb on that occasion from a distance of as much as three hundred miles. The Canons of St. Nicolas are bound to furnish each pilgrim with a meal and with shelter; and on the occasion now referred to the Grand Prior, on being asked how many pilgrims were supposed to be in the town, referred to his Grand Vicar, who replied that that morning they had given breakfast to ten thousand, taking no heed of those, perhaps equally numerous, who subsisted on their own provisions. Those who would realise what pilgrimage was in the time of the Crusaders, may find the imagination strongly aided by a visit to the fête of St. Nicolas. Men, women, and children in all kinds of wild country attire—the peaked hats of the Abruzzi, the *sombrero* resembling that of the Spaniard, the frock of the monk, the bright ribbons and velvet coats and breeches of some of the more secluded cities, the tatters of the professional mendicant, all throng the spacious aisles of St. Nicolas; and there, amid the dense mass of human life that circles through the church, visiting shrine, and tomb, and

crypt in turn, are to be seen figures that appear to have lost humanity in devotion, penitents who, not content with making the circuit on their knees, lay their foreheads on the marble floor, and, each guided by a child holding the handkerchief or rag, one end of which the devotee holds between his teeth, perambulate the entire church on bare knees and bare forehead. No form of human degradation west of the Ganges or the Indian Ocean can so startle the unaccustomed observer.

The mariners of Bari exercise on the occasion of this fête a singular privilege. The image of the saint, to which special sanctity is attached, is committed to their charge for a certain number of hours. They enter the church in procession, and their delegates receive the statue from the Chapter, which follows the bearers to the verge of the precincts. The mariners take the statue to sea, watch it during the night, and return it to the Chapter of St. Nicolas with the same solemnities on the following day. Through the night, city, and sea, and shore are bright with tapers and with torches,

and the air is filled with one long, reiterated, never ending litany; the names of "*omnes sancti et sanctæ Dei*" being responded to by the ever recurring burden "*Ora pro nobis.*" "It is the only occasion in Italy," said a flowing-moustached visitant, "on which you will see the religion of Jesus Christ in the hands of the people." That religion, to their eyes, was embodied in the wooden statue of St. Nicolas. In more western Enrope it is to be looked for in a symbol or in a catechism. But call it what you will—superstition, ignorance, what not—you cannot but feel that you are in the midst of a people of strong religious sentiment, where emotions are profoundly stirred by the occasion. If accustomed to the "*simulacra nulla*" of the Teutonic races you yet cannot fail to see that the contrast delineated by Tacitus has lost none of its sharpness since his days.

Bari, as an archiepiscopal see, contains a cathedral. But both prelate and cathedral are thrown into the shade by the supreme dignity of the Church of St. Nicolas, the Grand Prior of which claims

to be one of the four chief ecclesiastics of Italy, second only to the Pope. The King of Naples is honorary canon of St. Nicolas, and has a special seat allotted to him in the church, near that of the Grand Prior. The ecclesiastic who held that dignity in 1859 was an aged and venerable man, of erect figure, and mild and charming features. A dinner given by this dignitary to an English heretic was one of those curious juxtapositions that are said to occur only in novels. It is probable, however, that the idea of any respectable person being a Protestant never crossed the mind of the host. The hour was fixed for half-past twelve, the Grand Prior, out of special consideration, deferring the ordinary time of his meal by a full hour. The dinner was one hard to describe, because impossible to understand—soup and fish, and fowl and meat appearing in altogether unexpected order, and then a fresh start being given by the appearance of a new course of fish, and all going over again. The capacity of Italians for a banquet of this kind is portentous: they seem to have the power of eating

at one meal for a week's arrears and for a fortnight in advance. Habitually temperate in the use of wine, they yet cover the table with a formidable battery of glasses, each wine being tasted in a goblet of different form and capacity. How many there are to remember; the Moscato of Trani, a sweet wine resembling Tent; the sound red wine of Bari, very closely akin to the Port that you drink in Portugal before it has been manufactured for the English market; fine delicate white wines, like the *capri bianco* of Campania; others too many to enumerate, and, as *chasse café*, what the Grand Vicar produced with not unbecoming pride as the stomachic cordial of Santa Scholastica—a very exquisite Rosoglio, made by the nuns of a convent under the invocation of that Saint. The fish was as fine as in the time of Horace; the wine, as far as possible to form an opinion of the syrup used by his contemporaries, decidedly an improvement—the Rosoglio, perfection.

The treasury of the cathedral, although the

canons spoke with unforgotten bitterness of its denudation by the French, was still rich in relics, and not devoid of gold plate and jewels. There was a thorn of the veritable crown, a sort of relic which the piety of the French always respected, for they never attempted to carry it away. There was the stall which had been occupied by an English prelate—Bishop or Abbot of Westminster, the canons said, at an Œcumenical Council held in this chapter-house, at which what the slang of modern times calls the "fusion" of the Eastern and Western Churches was attempted, and all but effected. And there were, for sale as well as for veneration, phials of the sacred water which at certain seasons exudes from the tomb and from the bones of St. Nicolas, and which is good against almost all diseases, particularly against rheumatism.

The Grand Vicar, a tall thin looking man, was evidently more suspicious as to the sentiments of the English guest than was the Grand Prior himself. He fetched a large jar full of this

water, which contained a green substance closely resembling at first sight the putrid scum of stagnant ponds. "But," said his reverence, "this water has been unchanged for thirty years, to my certain knowledge. You would think, from the vegetation, that it was corrupt—but taste it—it is perfectly sweet. *Questo è prodigioso.*" Perfectly sweet it was; and the contents of the bottle were testified to by those who had known it from their childhood. It appeared as if the dew on the saint's tomb in the crypt had crept through from the neighbouring Adriatic, and as if the vegetation were that of one of the marine alvaceæ, a spore of which had very slowly germinated and expanded in fresh water.

Another annual ceremony at Bari dates from mediæval times. It is the solemn discharge of a cannon into the sea, in the direction of Venice to commemorate the succour sent by the Republic to the citizens of the southern city when undergoing siege by the Turks. The discharge of an old cannon, and the splash of the ball into the sea,

are watched with the liveliest interest by the whole population.

The visitor of such scenes lies under signal disadvantage in endeavouring to reproduce them to an English public. When amid them it is almost impossible to recognise the date of the year and of the century. We are carried back into the old style; the old style not as it exists now in Russia, but as it existed everywhere before the Gregorian reformation of the calendar, or that more stormy reformation which was not in obedience but in rebellion to the mandates of the papal chair. To those who never witnessed such scenes as the fête of St. Nicolas or as the liquidation of the blood of St. Januarius, all language must be inadequate to express the deep, unquestioning, living belief of the people, the intense earnestness of their devotion, the readiness with which, on the least provocation, a scoffer at their worship would be rent to shreds on the spot. To those who have never visited such scenes a feeble and inadequate description may seem strained and

hyperbolic. But an Italian crowd, once roused, can be compared only to a torrent or to a volcano. You can realise from a visit to Bari how the voice of Peter the Hermit hurled the chivalry of Europe against the crescent-mounted walls of Jerusalem.

XIII.

THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL.

THE bridal party assembled in the ancient city of Bari tarried long. The myrtles that covered the triumphal arches reared in the Mergellina to welcome the return to Naples of the Duke and Duchess of Calabria, withered. Scaffolds that began to fall to pieces before they were completed, and preparations for fêtes and displays that had been arrested by a power superior to that of the police, gave warning to the least observant that something unusual and unexpected had taken place. Persons accustomed to the full publicity of English discussion, and the manner in which the pioneer of public opinion, the reporter, enters into council-rooms and into chambers, and tells the world more than the whole truth as to the movements of those who are objects of its curiosity, can little conceive the silence that fell upon Naples.

Men dared only to ask in a whisper if anything had been heard of the king. The public press of that time consisted in the *Giornale del Regno*, a paper divided ostensibly into an official and a non-official part, and of which this division was a mere matter of form. The smallest and most carefully selected bits of old intelligence alone were permitted to appear in the columns of this Neapolitan *Moniteur*. The information of the proceedings of the court was usually confined to the announcement "To-day his Majesty, whom God preserve, presided at an ordinary council of state," or "To-day being the birthday of H.R.H. So-and-so, the forts of the city fired the usual salute, and high mass was celebrated in such a church." No reporter of the foreign press had made his way to Bari, so that there was not even an importation of the London and Parisian gossip through the newspapers or the correspondence of the English merchants. The royal marriage took place on the 3rd of February, 1859, but the carnival drew to its close, and still there was no

intelligence from Apulia. A vague conviction that the king must be ill—must be very ill—agitated every mind, but found little utterance. At length, on the morning of Ash Wednesday, an unwonted squadron stole round the bluff of Capri, and made, under shelter of the Sorrentine promontory, for Portici. It consisted of a war-frigate, towing in its wake a sailing vessel. To avoid even the effect of the motion of the paddles, it was thus that King Ferdinand returned to Terra di Lavoro. The Duke and Duchess of Calabria accompanied the royal sufferer, and the official intimation of the arrival of the king and the heir to the throne was an order to the inhabitants of Caserta to keep within their houses for a certain time. King Ferdinand did not choose that even his few villagers of Caserta should gaze upon the litter that conveyed him over the quarter of a mile of drive and open space lying between the railway station and the portal of that magnificent palace.

It had now become impossible longer to conceal

the fact of the serious illness of the king. It was even allowed to inquire as to his Majesty's health, and his brothers from time to time gave encouraging reports of his amendment. Even when the health of the patient had sunk so low that life could only be supported by human milk, the happiest results were predicted from the resort to this ghastly second childhood.

The Duke of Calabria was pressed to give some indications of a resolve to grasp firmly the sceptre that was shaking in his father's hands. His nomination as vicar-general of the kingdom, and his appearance as presiding over the councils of ministers, would, it was thought, tend to prepare the way for the inevitable change. The duke made no sign. If it be true, according to the Aristotelian theory, that all virtue consists in a mean between two extremes, the duke observed the fifth commandment to a degree that was vicious by its excess. For him, Ferdinand II. was the embodiment of royal virtue and of political wisdom. His commands were the only law to

his sons. The duke would suggest nothing to his father. It became afterwards known that a palace intrigue had assumed certain threatening proportions, and that the long-suspected desire of the queen to have the incapacity of Francis Duke of Calabria declared, and the crown secured to her own eldest son, the Count of Trani, had received active although secret support from the minister who at that time possessed most power to aid in the accomplishment of the design. It is quite possible, therefore, that any movement on the part of Francis to anticipate the natural course of events might have led to the realization of the queen's plans; but of acting on a policy like this the prince was altogether incapable. If the reign of Ferdinand II. has been described as the negation of God's rule, the character of Francis II. may be described as the negation of manhood, almost as the negation of humanity.

At length, as a pair of English children who had lost the fresh roses of their native climate under the fierce sun of the south, were climbing the

myrtle crowned hills that separate the two broad curves of the bays of Salerno and of Naples, a heavy sound struck on the ear. They paused to listen, but all was silent except the shrill scream of the swift as it wheeled over head in its rapid circuit, at the rate of ninety miles in the hour. Presently it came again; too distinct, too solitary for a salute. They looked at one another, for the sound was not unexpected. Was it possible that an event of such incalculable importance for Italy had actually occurred? A short pause left no room for doubt—report steadily followed report. They heard the minute-guns which sound incessantly, in solemn mourning, from the hour of the death to that of the burial of the Kings of Naples. Ferdinand II. had passed before a tribunal of which he could neither bribe nor intimidate the Judge.

XIV.

HIS MAJESTY KING FRANCIS II.

Of all the evils which Ferdinand II. inflicted on his country, the one for which he was the least pardonable was the manner in which he had allowed his heir to shoot up to the age, though not to the powers, of manhood. Previous reference has been made to the manner in which history had been softened for his study. The character of the philosophic catechism prepared by his instructor has been explained to the English reader, by the second of two indignant letters which a then prominent member of the English Conservative party addressed to the Earl of Aberdeen. It has been the constant object of these pages to state nothing that has not come to the actual personal knowledge of the writer, without express reserve. Thus it has never occurred to him to have an opportunity of consult-

ing one of the historic works of Monsignor Apuzzo, (miscalled Apuzzi by Mr. Gladstone), but it has occurred to him to be an auditor of the oral teaching of that prelate, and of applications and manipulations of sacred history that fully support the general opinion of the mode in which he dealt with political records. Neither is it possible to state, of distinct personal knowledge, that the influence of the second Queen of Ferdinand II. had been steadily directed to unfit for reigning the son of Maria Christina. But such was the opinion of those who had the best opportunity of judging; such a purpose was fully in accordance with circumstances that were known to occur during the last illness of King Ferdinand; above all, such a theory would almost alone account for the absolute unfitness for his position of a prince who did not appear to be organically weak in intellect.

The first act that followed the royal decease was the administration to the garrison of Naples of the oath to the new king. On the 23rd of May the

first proclamation of the sovereign appeared on the walls of the capital, on the white paper affected solely to the use of official advertisements. "*Le roi est mort. Vive le roi!*" was its burden. The spirit of Ferdinand—yesterday a king, to-day a saint—was still to guide the counsels of the State. Prostrated by grief at the loss of such a father, amazed by such an inexplicable aberration of Divine wisdom as to permit his untimely fate, the only comfort and hope of King Francis would be to follow in those venerated footsteps. His Majesty waited for no advice of younger counsellors to promise that where Ferdinand chastened with whips, Francis would chastise with scorpions.

In person Francis II. was tall and spare, his profile was not devoid of physiognomical merit, and the long nose by which caricaturists soon learned to denote him did not form an undignified feature, and was pretty faithfully represented on the new coinage. It should be observed that the mint of Naples, which in the early part of the reign of

Ferdinand I. had struck piastres of an elegance of design and beauty of execution worthy of the best die-sinkers of Europe, had degenerated into a condition under Ferdinand II. which was marked by a poverty and harshness of type that seemed to invite the competition of the forger. But that which neither coin nor portrait could ever adequately convey was the peculiar expression of lifelessness that made the king rather give the idea of an image than of a man. It was a wooden, not a marble statue, that his features called to mind. The singular shyness and *mauvaise honte* with which he entered on the responsibilities of his new position were in accordance with this doll-like expression of countenance. On the death of a King of Naples it is the custom for all the princes of the blood to assemble, immediately after receiving the intelligence, in the palace chosen by his successor, and not to quit the shadow of its roof until the funeral. As soon as the completion of the obsequies of King Ferdinand permitted, the foreign ministers resident in Naples

hastened to pay their respects to the new monarch in his palace of Capo-di-Monte, an edifice on a hill to the south of Naples, commanding from its windows a magnificent panoramic view, bounded on the one hand by the Apennine ridge, bending its broken outline to the famous Caudine Forks, and on the other by the blue waters of the Mediterranean. One of these representatives of a friendly sovereign waited for some time in the room appointed for the reception of ambassadors, which in most of the Italian palaces is marked by the absence of any seat excepting two or three stools, in indication of the equality of treatment assigned by the courtesy of etiquette to the representative of a crowned head. After feeling some surprise at an unwonted delay, the attention of his Excellency was roused by a sort of shuffling noise outside one of the doors by which he had not entered. The door flew open, and in another second the Majesty of Naples entered, or rather was propelled through the aperture, the disappearance of a petticoat behind which explained to the plenipotentiary

that Queen Sophy had been pushing her reluctant husband into the chamber of audience. This, it may be remarked, is not given as an *on dit*, but as a fact.

The private amusement or devotion of the king during the early portion of his reign is said to have been of an original character, consisting in breathing on a looking glass, making the figure of the cross on the clouded surface, and then raising the symbol. In daily attendance, not on mass alone, but on repeated religious services, the king even exceeded the devotion of his father, and the rigid attention of the Queen mother to a mode of life somewhat dull for a spirited and handsome young princess, is said to have led to scenes of internal discord. The taste of the two queens widely diverged, that of the dowager being strongly on the side of parsimony, that of the younger lady tending to magnificence. It was said that the dresses of the younger children of Ferdinand were of home manufacture, the material being supplied from the outgrown garments of

their elder brothers and sisters. It is difficult to arrive at proof of this statement, unless it was assumed to be furnished by the un-Parisian style of the family, a remark equally applicable to the wardrobe of Queen Marie Therese herself. In fact the royal pair profited considerably by each increase of their large family, as an annual allowance of a million of ducats is said to have been borne on the budget upon the birth of each prince or princess —a sum on which their royal parents must, in each of the ten cases in question, have realised a large saving.

That on the new queen, although characterised by one of her uncles as "a mere child—a pretty child of sixteen, and nothing more"—devolved much of the duty of urging Francis II. to discharge the simplest functions of his rank, may be realised from the following incident. In the Summer of 1859, the royal pair took up their abode for a time at the cheering retreat of Quisisano—(here one is well)—a small palace perched on one of the spurs of Mount Saint Angelo, over-

looking the town and port of Castellammare, cool with mountain breezes and the grateful landward wind that rushes from the bay with great regularity about four in the afternoon. The only road practicable for carriages along which a drive can be taken after descending from this charming summer retreat, where life is a luxury even in the Neapolitan dog-days, is that from Castellammare to Sorrento.

His Royal Highness the Count of Syracuse was enjoying the cool shade of his Sorrentine villa at the same time that the king and queen were residing at Quisisano. It was thus that one evening, as the king's open carriage was descending the long slope leading from Ponto di Scuotolo to Meta, the merry jingle of bells from the badger-tailed bridles of the three horses of the count's phaeton came rattling up the sinuous ascent. The two carriages stopped on meeting, the count left his seat, and stood hat in hand on the road to pay his duty to his sovereign. The king returned his uncle's salutation, and then sat

gazing into vacancy. The count continued to stand for several minutes, awaiting the royal sign that he might depart. The silence continued. Other carriages ascending and descending the hill came up, and, according to the usual courtesy, stopped, not wanting to pass the royal equipages. Some ten minutes thus elapsed. An expression of weariness and disgust began to steal over the count's features, which were by no means unexpressive. The tail of wondering and arrested travellers increased. At length, the king still giving no sign, the queen ventured to say, "Your Majesty does not wish to detain his Royal Highness longer," and on receiving an ungracious assent to this remark, the taboo was taken off, the count got up behind his badger-skins, the king's postillions cracked their whips, and the road was again free. But the passengers who were thus arrested have not readily forgotten so whimsical an indication of the character of King Francis II.

With all this inaptitude for the most ordinary

intercourse of courtly life, Francis de Bourbon had the loftiest possible ideas of the kingly power and dignity. If he felt that, unexpectedly and unworthily, he had been called by Providence to mount the throne of his sainted father, for almost in these very words did his first proclamation speak, he no less felt that he was the representative of the Almighty on earth, at least in the Two Sicilies.

In feeble and ludicrous imitation of the brusque martial tone of his father, he spoke with a harshness only tempered by nervous haste. The charm which underlay the abruptness of King Ferdinand was altogether wanting. In apeing the manner of a king, Francis II. showed entire unacquaintance with those of a gentleman. He disliked foreigners, and made no attempt to conceal his dislike. He would cut short an audience by an imperative "*Fa presto.*" The officers who had enjoyed, as far as any persons could enjoy, the familiar conversation of Ferdinand, soon learned to wait on the pleasure of his son in silent dismay.

General Nunziante, Duke of Mignano, one of the most constant attendants on the late king, was not slow to perceive the course affairs must soon take under such a sovereign. He sent back his orders and appointments, and the duchess, a woman of spirit and energy, resigned her position in the queen's household. If we criticise the terms in which these resignations were conveyed, it must be because we are unaware of the immediate provocation that led to so unheard of an act in a Neapolitan duke. But General Nunziante has found compensation either for affront or for criticism in the high command conferred on him in the Italian army. Another noble duke, a man with the face and bearing of an English officer of rank, and a candour and courtesy of manner that would have adorned any court in Europe; a man who was—if any man was—the friend of Ferdinand II., and who died, faithful to his son, of camp fever at Gaeta, received some months later than the time to which we now refer a telegram describing the success of Garibaldi at Melazzo.

He let the paper fall from his hands, exclaiming, "Who dare tell the king?"

It became daily more evident that the state of Italy was not one in which an incompetent king could hope long to maintain himself on the throne of Naples. Symptoms of coming change appeared on all hands. It had been known for some time, that the convention with the Swiss Cantons, by virtue of which the fine Swiss regiments that formed the *Corps d'Elite* of the Neapolitan army and the real guard of the king was about to terminate. The Swiss authorities were unwilling to incur the odium thrown upon them as the main supporters of an effete tyranny. But there was an attempt made to reconstitute these regiments, not as under the direction of the Swiss Government, but as individual volunteers in the Neapolitan service. Bran new flags were therefore substituted for the torn and tattered rags which were the pride and glory of the martial Swiss. This they would not stand. The matter was conducted with the usual official clumsiness, and the Swiss broke

into mutiny. Word came to Queen Marie Therese that there was a mutiny among the troops. "Send for the Swiss," cried her Majesty, "send instantly for the Swiss." "*Majesté*, it is the Swiss that are in mutiny." The Queen fell in a faint. General Nunziante promptly brought up his chasseurs, his artillery loaded with grapeshot. There was no public account given of the bloodshed of that day, but the brilliant red coats of the Swiss disappeared from the forts and barracks of Naples. There was perhaps not another man in the service of the king, of promptitude, pluck, and military capacity able to deal with such an emergency.

Change succeeded change in the ministry. One name, not unknown in Europe, that of a former Viceroy of Sicily, had long been looked to as that of a man able to ruin or to serve the State. Filangieri, Prince of Satriano, was made President of the Council: he held office just long enough to disabuse those who had formed any opinion of his fitness for the post or for the hour. Thus a

retreat on King Ferdinand's second line was decided on. The physical comfort of the people was to be increased. A royal commission was appointed to report on the construction of three trunk lines of railway, and the period of the commencement of the Brindisi railway, which had been so shamefully interfered with by the minister Murena, was extended. But quiet was not secured. At length it was proposed that the king should throw himself on his people and should become a constitutional sovereign. This transformation was decided on by the Council; and the king gave orders for the preparation of a constitution for his beloved people. A short silence succeeded, but at last one of the ministers ventured very humbly to inform his Majesty that, strictly speaking, the constitution of 1848 was the law of the land. For reasons of State, indeed, the wisdom of his father had for a time suspended that constitution, but since his Majesty had decided on resorting to a constitutional method of government, all that was necessary

was to decree the observance of the existing law. That is how it came to pass that the subjects of King Francis II. were electrified by the publication of the decree calling into activity the constitution sworn to by Ferdinand II. in the name of the holy and undivided Trinity.

XV.

CONSTITUTIONAL NAPLES.

No event had occurred in Europe for the forty-four years that succeeded the battle of Waterloo of more political importance than the death of King Ferdinand II. Although the sovereign of a small State, he was the last link that held Western Europe enchained to the past. He was the last of that race of kings whose motto was *L'Etat c'est moi*, and who had ability and perseverance to act up to their motto. On the combination of the Austrian and the Bourbon princes of Italy depended that unity of repressive action which not only formed an important element of the general policy of Europe, but, politically, (not theologically,) regarded, was considered by the most astute statesmen to involve the stability of the Papal power. The unfinished French Revolution had passed into its third phase since Waterloo. The ambitious policy of the

House of Savoy, admirably adapted to the conditions of the day by the statesmanlike genius of Cavour, had made a decided step by sending a contingent to the Crimean campaign. Rome had seen the portentous phenomenon of a liberal Pope, but had displayed only another proof of the old State maxim that whoever and whatever was the Cardinal honoured with the tiara—French, Austrian, Italian—the Pope soon became exclusively Papal. The famous 1848 had seen the temporary outburst of the people, the restoration of royal rule by the bayonet, and although it was believed that ten years had taught the people much, it was still generally admitted that the battle was to the strong, and that strength consisted not in majority of numbers, but in unity of executive command. Therefore more hung on the life of Ferdinand II. than the crown of the Two Sicilies.

In the year 1830—when the lieutenant-general of Charles X., King of France, thought one oath was as good as another, and better too if it ensured a crown and carried to a triumphant issue the tortuous

and treacherous policy of the House of Orleans—the son of Egalité, in his new character of Citizen King, addressed a word of friendly counsel to the nephew of his wife, Ferdinand of Bourbon. The letter is not now accessible, but it counselled the arbitrary king to adopt some of that deference for popular prejudices that had been so fortunate in influencing a removal from the Palais Royal to the Louvre. The advice had not that weight which the prestige of new success led the giver to hope would attend it. It is said, indeed, that the letter was not even answered, until some eighteen years later, in a communication addressed to Claremont in England, and to a distinguished foreigner who had recently made a hasty trip from France under the name of Mr. Smith. Ferdinand II. intimated his continued adherence to the opinion that, after all, his own kind of honesty had been of that description which turns out to be the best policy. "Se non è vero, è ben trovato."

King Ferdinand II. had not been twelve months in his tomb before those cannon were fired at

Palermo that commenced the contests of which the first campaign terminated with the battle of Solferino, the second with the fall of Gaeta, and the third with the disaster of Sadowa. Very slowly and very uncertainly did any real knowledge of what was going on in Sicily reach Naples. News there was in abundance, but the complexion of that news was so exclusively that of the hopes or the fears of the recounter, that you could place small reliance on its authenticity. It seemed to be certain that some movement was taking place which the royal power was unable to control. The magic name of Garibaldi was heard, and it became undoubted that he had passed under the guns of the royal navy of King Francis, and that the red-shirts were out in Sicily. Then came a priest with flushed face and eager eyes who told you that the rebels had made an attack on the royal troops, that they had been repulsed, and that they fled, "come, cani, come veri cani." Then the countenances of the priests fell—and there was no news from Sicily. Bit by bit came word of the occupation

of Palermo, of the capture of Melazzo, and then a great awe fell on people's minds as it became apparent that Garibaldi, now master of Sicily, was rallying his forces for a spring at the throat of the hated tyranny of Naples.

The Government of King Francis tossed and drifted like a disabled vessel in a storm. Minister had followed minister in rapid but in helpless succession. At one time the Prefect of Salerno was called to aid, and if energy on the part of a subordinate would have made up for want of capacity in a ruler, the throne of King Francis would have been safe. The Commander Ajossa was a country gentleman whose burly person and bluff manner had awakened a sympathy in the bosom of King Ferdinand. Political employment was given him, and for some time he ruled the province of Salerno on the principle that people must do as he told them, and that if they did not make haste about it he would take them by the throat and teach them better. This plan answered so well in the country, that the energetie prefect

was transferred to Naples, and for a time the burden of the Government rested on his burly shoulders. It was as if military rule had replaced the more circuitous methods of the police. Ajossa reigned by terror, but the terror of successful revolution devoured the terror of the police. The portfolio passed from his grasp, and the recently omnipotent minister, concealed in a servant's apartment, is said to have had to change his shirt thirteen times in a single day, so powerful was the action on the pores of the skin of the anxiety with which he overheard inquiries as to his whereabouts that were more numerous than friendly.

An *avvocato* of advanced years, and, like most Italians, far older than his age counted by anniversaries, was regarded with much confidence and respect by the liberals of Naples. He was a man learned in the higher branches of the law, and familiar with jurisprudence. He had suffered persecution and exile for his opinions, and had only been allowed to return to Naples, where the

police still kept an eye on his movements, on addressing to King Ferdinand one of those submissive appeals which none hesitated to make if they had reason to believe they would succeed, but which every one was ready to throw in the teeth of his neighbour as a disgrace. One morning a white paper containing regulations for public observance was posted on the usual official stations with the startling signature—"Liborio Romano, Prefetto di Polizia."

The appointment of Romano to this position was the signal for the siege of the palace of the ministry by three or four English gentlemen who were residents or proprietors in the island of Capri. Some of the most obnoxious ruffians, who had been tools or victims of a dying tyranny, had been withdrawn from any risk of popular vengeance by an exile to this retired and lovely spot. The inhabitants naturally objected to its being suddenly converted into a Neapolitan Botany Bay, and that the more so as the exiles assumed the liberty of acting as if they were still either active *mouchards*

or brigands on half pay. Property and life were not considered safe at Capri. The English gentlemen were courteously received by the new prefect — the justice of their claims admitted, redress promised. Yet the visitor to Naples week after week found the *salle d'attente* of the prefecture still ornamented by the presence of these gentlemen, who naturally wished to ascertain the fact of the actual despatch of the order for the removal of the ruffians from Capri before they returned thither themselves, and who had to wait with a patience which was truly exemplary.

Bodies run fast down hill. The liberal prefect soon exchanged his post for the portfolio of Minister of the Interior. The excitement was great on all hands. A constitutional king, and a ministry counselled by Liborio Romano — who would change such a bow of promise for a few red shirts? An Englishman to whom the new minister had acted as counsel, took an early occasion of calling on him at the ministry, in order to congratulate an old acquaintance, and also, placing

under his eyes his own written opinion on a matter in which the Englishman had a claim on the Government, to request *Il Signor Ministro* to give effect to the opinion of so eminent a counsel. The Englishman was received with prompt and frank courtesy, and shown by the minister himself into his very sanctum, the inmost room of the suite, and there deposited on a sofa for a few minutes. An early hour was chosen for the call, but the day wore on, and it was long past the usual hour of the noon-tide meal before the minister re-entered, in search of some important document, supposed to have been consigned to the bran new, and as yet undisturbed, ministerial portfolio. The retreat was not without pursuit. Heads of departments and importunate secretaries succeeded one another with documents for signature, to each of which the persecuted chief attached his name in a beautiful Italian hand, guided with all the art, and also with all the deliberation, of a writing-master. A search ensued for the key of the portfolio. High and

low did minister and secretary search—in drawers, under cushions; and it was not until the minister had resorted to that ultimate expression of the distress of a Frenchman which he had probably acquired during exile, (for it is not a frequent part of the Italian pantomime,) the tearing of his hair, that his finger caught in a piece of packthread tied round his neck and suspending the missing key.

The key happily found, and the single document which proved to be contained in the formidable portfolio being extracted, there seemed to be no further possibility of deferring an interview desired by one party and only postponed by the other on the score of being hunted almost to death. But it soon became evident that conversation at the moment would have no result. The Italians are early risers. In the heat of summer they are always up by four, and generally seize that occasion of enjoying a drive at the time when the freshness of the morning renders that exercise particularly conducive to health. But whether they then go out for air, or betake themselves to

a few hours of quiet and uninterrupted labour, they take no refreshment, except a single small cup of black coffee, before the noon-day meal, after which, at least in summer, a *siesta* is invariably required to fit them for the promenade or the conversation of the evening. His Excellency the minister, who held at the time the portfolio of the police as well as that of the interior, having worked from 4 A.M. to 3 P.M., naturally needed his breakfast. It was not the form of hunger in which this need became apparent, but that of sheer exhaustion and collapse. So that the only thing to be done was to offer an arm to the wearied and persecuted dispenser of power and of patronage, and to help him down the great flight of stone stairs to his carriage awaiting him in the courtyard. But if within the privileged precincts of the ministerial apartments the crowd had been thick, it was nothing to that which ensued. Corridors and staircases were filled with an expectant throng, each armed with petition, or memorial, or letter of introduction, each waiting

and striving to attract for a moment the attention of the popular minister. His issuing from the door was greeted with a sound like the opening cry of a pack of hounds. The crowd surged and eddied around the two descending forms: "*Eccolo, il Ministro!*" "*Grazia Dio!*" "*Signor Ministro questa Carta*"—"*Eccelenza, il mio nome*"—"*Eccelentissimo Don Liborio.*" "*Scusatemi,*" &c., &c. Through all variations of Italian address this wearied and exhausted man was glad to be helped into his carriage, without making a single effort at reply to the thousands of applications thrust under his eyes, and as the coachman revenged himself for long delay of dinner by a furious castigation of the horses, the crowd tore after him through the portico of the ministry, and the Largo del Palazzo echoed the many voiced chorus, "*Un momento Signor Ministro!*"

As for the little matter of business referred to, the Englishman was requested to draw up a distinct and accurate statement of what he thought ought to be done. This he did, the statement

was approved by the minister, and sent by him, together with its author, to the director of another department of the ministry. This man was a legitimist of the most uncompromising stamp, the brother of a prelate attached to the royal house. He of course did nothing, until some weeks afterwards he had an opportunity of doing something to distinguish himself. He ran off to Rome, bearing with him the deposits left in his charge, as a contribution to the good cause—the restoration of absolute rule in Southern Italy, under the benediction of the Holy Father, and by the services of the rapidly organizing body of brigands.

No observer allowed to enter the doors of the ministry at this period of the reign of King Francis II. could arrive at the conclusion that the duration of the dynasty was more than a question of hours. The hand of the wary and experienced pilot was gone from the helm, the vessel of the state lay broadside on before the storm. The wind that brought that storm

was the sirocco. It blew from the south. Thunder and lightning were in the cloud that hung over Sicily. The terror of the city of Naples augmented from day to day, and that terror was not by any means gratuitous. King Ferdinand II. had not forgotten how a horde of enthusiasts from Calabria, headed, it is true, by a Cardinal, and hot in the support of Church and King, had made their way from the south and over-run the capital. He wished that such an invasion should not take place in his time. He possessed a strong military post that commanded the debouchure of the pass through the outlyers of the Apennines: he put it in good military *rapport*, by means of railways, with his residence at Caserta as well as with Naples itself, and he arranged his line of defence with such judgment, that Naples was safe from any attack moving from Sicily or the south, unless the assailant was master of the sea. Nor, even with regard to a sea attack, was Naples, before the recent improvement in artillery, so helpless as it seemed. King Francis had only to get on

horseback, when an enthusiastic and undisciplined horde was advancing through the province of Salerno. His army, as the event showed, might be relied on if under the eye of the king. A check such as the mere show of defence would have given to the invading ragamuffins would have been fatal. It was seen afterwards how the Calabrian insurgents melted into the air. If the simplest military precaution had been taken, the advance of Garibaldi would have been impossible.

That advance, hailed by a long-enslaved people as the advent of a Messiah, was only hindered from being an anticipation of Aspramonte by that dissolution of the machinery of State which commenced so soon as the vitality of Government had fled with the last breath of King Ferdinand. On his adventurous voyage to Sicily, Garibaldi passed under the very guns of a Neapolitan frigate. A single broadside, a single gun, would have sent the hopes of young Italy to the bottom of the sea. Again and again the uncalculating courage of

the man won his way where, on all grounds of calculation, success was impossible. It is true that the most lively sympathy for the cause and for the success of Garibaldi was felt in Naples. But it is no less certain that the Sicilian dictator, for such he was as he advanced towards the capital, could count on no expression of this sympathy as a diversion of the military measures which any one but Francis II. would have taken, for the streets of Naples lay under the fire of St. Elmo, and the general opinion was, that the harsh and stern temper of Francis de Bourbon would have readily seized the slightest excuse for raining a storm of shell upon his capital. Such had been his unrelenting order with regard to Palermo; and to all counsels of timely preparation for the future, he replied in the quaint language gathered from his monkish education, "Let Samson die with the Philistines." If Francis represented Samson, it was certainly while his locks were newly shorn.

Divided in councils—for there were those at the

council board who urged the king to shed terror on the disaffected by the summary execution of the liberal minister—distrustful of his army, distrustful of his navy, taking counsel and aid of none, unless it was of Saint Januarius, who did not respond, Francis II. allowed the irrevocable time to escape in listless stupidity, while the revolution was gathering force. With the late adoption—far too late—of the broken constitution, and with a reluctant and suspected concession to the liberalism of the day, that was always so timed as only to show weakness and to increase suspicion of his motives, some liberty had been given to the press. The first result of this indulgence was the appearance from time to time of a crop of broad-sheets, which, bearing no name, vouched by no signature, and possessing no evidence of reliability or of truth, served only still further to perplex men's minds, and to magnify every rumour. Most of these fly-sheets appeared to emanate from the party of action, but it will scarcely be credited

that at a time when the revolution was dominant in Sicily, and the King of Naples was *not* with his army, an attempt was made to turn the enthusiasm of the youth of Naples into a channel which had been closed for a period of six hundred years. It was absolutely advocated in some of these flying sheets that the young Neapolitans should enrol themselves as crusaders to win back the holy city of Jerusalem from the Turks. It is necessary to state this fact with perspicuity, so incredible must it appear at Paris, at London, or at Berlin, that the blindest adherent of the old *régime* should think such a diversion of thought practicable in the year 1860.

Violent measures are perhaps more often the results of feeble anger than of strong resolve. Liborio Romano could not be insensible that his life was in his hand, and that the king who at noon signed the proclamation drawn up by his minister, might at night be ready to consign that minister to the chains of the galley-slave or to the

doom of the traitor. Romano never slept beneath his own roof. Where he was when not in public, and thus to some extent in safety, few knew. His position was neither easy nor enviable. Let us compare it, making due allowance for the difference of law, of habit, and of social morality that is due to the difference of latitude between Naples and London, to that of an Italian Peel. A man who must be disastrous to his prince or disastrous to his party, and yet who, by abandonment of his perilous post, would not only be unable to avoid a double disaster, but would in all probability have not been suffered to live even to see its first outbreak. The ministry of Romano saved Francis II. from the commission of a fearful and useless crime. It prevented the bombardment of Naples.

When calm had succeeded storm, when other men held the portfolios of those who still were called Neapolitan ministers, when other names were on the lips of the crowd, and were invoked for loaves and fishes *per l'amor di Dio*, the English-

man before referred to paid a visit to the fallen minister. He did not go to remind him of his own disappointment, but to pay the tribute of respect and of consolation to a man who had, after all, deserved well of his fellow-citizens. The contrast from the last interview with the minister was marked with the full emphasis of a drama. The old man sat absolutely alone in his roomy chambers, the windows open to the sea, and not a soul, save one old servant, showed any thought of him who a few weeks previously had been the idol of the people. His acquaintance told him that he expected to find him accessible, though not so utterly alone, and the vexed heart of the man was moved almost to tears by an expression of kindness and of sympathy when all had abandoned him. "Tell me," said the other, "for some day I may tell it to Europe, when you accepted office under King Francis II., did you do so in the hope of saving the dynasty by the operation of the Constitution?" "No," replied Romano, "I did not. I knew it was too late for

anything to save the dynasty. I accepted office in order to save the country; and I did save Naples from destruction."

As far as human probability goes, such was certainly the case.

XVI.

THE INVASION OF NAPLES.

GARIBALDI was in Italy—Garibaldi was in march on Naples—Garibaldi was in the province of Salerno. Rumour flew from mouth to mouth—hope and terror were in constant struggle. The secret committee at Naples, whose orders ruled the "demonstrations" of their party, became paralysed by the magnitude of the crisis. It is asserted by those who were in constant intercourse with them that more than one active member became positively insane from fright. The advance of the dictator was rapid. He left behind him his Falstaffian hosts. Soldiers such as he looked for, men drilled, fed, and armed by enthusiasm alone, sprang from the earth at his side, at each tone of his voice, at each glance of his eyes. Salerno was taken by telegraph by one of his companions, a man who, having joined him

with a red shirt and a rifle, when he was known as Garibaldi's Englishman, grew by the good fortune of the raid to the rank and to the pay of a general of the army of Italy. His status had attained that of a *quasi* field-officer when he telegraphed to the prefect of Salerno that the undersigned, at the head of such a division of the army of his Excellency General Garibaldi, Dictator of Southern Italy, had received orders to occupy Salerno, that the division was in march for that purpose, and that the prefect would consult the safety of the town and its inhabitants, and avert the destruction of the troops at his disposal, as well as probably save his own neck, if he at once evacuated the city. The prefect signified by telegraph his adherence to the summons, and made good haste to keep his word. The liberating division soon after entered Salerno in a carriage drawn by three horses. Its numbers have been variously estimated at from three to twelve, and its commander instantly proceeded to the organisation of a national guard to bar the way to the

revengeful return of the Bourbon troops, if by any chance they should discover the effective force of his *corps d'armée.*

A startling and welcome piece of intelligence greeted the town of Naples at its early awaking about the time of the occupation of Salerno. The king had fled. The guns had not opened fire—the city was saved. Francis II. of Bourbon, with his queen and his immediate followers, with such treasures as he could lay a hasty hand on, and with the available balance to be found in the treasury, had betaken himself to Gaeta. Romano remained behind—Minister of the Interior and master of Naples. A ministerial proclamation, signed by him, printed at the Government press, on the official white paper, appeared in the course of a few hours, inviting the "*Invitto dittatore*" to enter the city of Naples.

The city awoke that morning with its wonted aspect, and about 9 A.M. a tradesman adventurously nailed above the door of his shop a scutcheon of the arms of Savoy. Groups collected to look at

the silver cross, and said nothing. More than half-an-hour passed, and the police made no sign. Then another followed the example; then two or three more; then there was a general outburst of red shields with silver crosses, and people knew that something was in progress.

A little after 10 a car drove down the Toledo occupied by three or four men, displaying the Italian flag, and shouting with that frantic energy that suggests to the English mind the idea of intoxication. They found more to stare at them than to applaud them. Naples yet waited to see what was safe.

By 11 o'clock a few straggling spectators began to assemble in the Strada del Arenaccia around the station of the Castellammare railway. Some 200 National Guard dropped in one after another in uniform, and were drawn up on the arrival side of the platform. After some short space a train was seen approaching from the south, covered with green boughs, and with large tricolour flags on the engine. It stopped cautiously outside the

station, and a passenger in a red shirt was seen to descend and to reconnoitre. He passed the guard: he was presented to the minister: he returned to the train. The engine groaned and puffed—the flag flew out to the breeze—some dozen men in red shirts descended amid the shouts of the guards and the spectators. One, short in stature but deep in chest, with a felt wide-awake on his head, and a green silk handkerchief knotted like a hood over his red shirt, embraced the minister. Garibaldi was in Naples!

During the next half hour the crowd gradually collected round the station. Intelligence flies among Southern races by a telegraphic system of their own. Naples was in motion. Naples was also in observation. A spectator from a lofty window that commanded the station could not tell what was the attitude of the mob. All was still expectancy.

At last three or four carriages drove from the station and took their way towards the Largo del Ministro. In the first of these sat side by side

Garibaldi and Romano—three or four other red-shirted strangers occupied the fore seat, and shared the box with the coachman. The remainder of this microscopic army of invasion followed. The crowd gaped and gazed. Something was yet wanting. Was the arrival of the dictator to be a *fiasco?*

The carriage of Romano drove straight towards the Palace of the Ministry. The entrance from the Marinella to the large square of which that palace forms the western boundary is commanded by a cavalry barrack. Through the grating which defends a sort of cloister or portico in front of this barrack are formed circular openings. Behind each circular opening the mouth of a small field-piece yawned upon the street. Behind the guns were the troops. The fate of the revolution depended on the question whether the gunners would apply the match to the touch-hole.

As Garibaldi drove up to the mouth of these bronze guardians of the peace of Naples, he rose from his seat, folded his arms, and looked with

his seductive smile upon the soldiers in the *caserne*. If he spoke, his words were unheard. The troops looked—they did not fire; they even made some gestures expressive of sympathy and of admiration. Then Naples took heart, and as the second carriage following close on the first interposed between its occupants and the formidable guns, one mighty roar of welcome burst forth from every voice. Tricolour flags, as if by magic, floated from every window. Naples was one flutter of red, white, and green, one sustained reiterated roar of "Viva Italia una ! Viva Vittorio Emanuele ! Viva Garibaldi !"

For three days and nights that cry rent the air of Naples. The whole city reeled as if in a state of intoxication. Black looks and threatening hints were not spared if any one allowed a group of lazzaroni, carrying a flag and shouting the cry of the hour, to pass without uncovering, so that most people had the pleasure of taking off their hats pretty frequently in the course of the day. Neapolitans do not shout like Englishmen; they yell

till their eyes start from the head, and it will be long before any spectator of these Saturnalia can forget the sight or the sound.

Garibaldi modestly declined to take up his abode at the royal palace, and drove to that of the Duke of Angri, on the Toledo. Thence his decrees soon began to issue. The secret committee, recovering from their terror on finding that Francis de Bourbon was gone, that they were not in irons, and that the police seemed to be paralyzed, took heart of grace, and issued a proclamation which they signed in the capacity of "Provisional Government." Garibaldi was guilty of an arbitrary act which immensely raised his popularity with all enemies of pillage: he instantly ordered these self-elected governors into arrest. The dictatorship was established at Naples.

When it is said that the threefold shout in honour of the Country, the King, and the Dictator, rang incessantly for seventy-two hours in Naples, an exception must be made of a nature more remarkable than was the more general and more

frantic expression of loyalty to the new power. About ten on the evening of the day that saw him enter Naples, Garibaldi, fatigued with long travelling and spent with excitement, fell asleep. The words "*Egli dorme*" fell from the salon where he slumbered to the linen-vested national guards at the portals of the palace. The crowd on the steps was hushed. "*Egli dorme*" flew from mouth to mouth, and up and down the crowded Toledo until out of earshot of the Angri palace; silence fell on the mob, who, as they circulated to and fro in unabated excitement, saluted one another by laying a fore-finger on the lips in token of silence, and then lifting it into the air, in symbol of "Italia Una."

Garibaldi thus installed in Naples, found everything to his hand. A skilful administrator could have so seized the reins of Government that not a single check, far less a dead lock, need have occurred in its administration. The cautious and well-advised replacement of the heads of the ministerial departments, the assurance of full

protection to those who at once accepted the new order of things, and the judicious and judicial removal of functionaries proved to be treacherous or incompetent, was all that was necessary. But Garibaldi was anything but an able administrator, and the men who immediately surrounded him hungered for the fruits of power, with the hunger of starving men suddenly placed in the midst of plenty. Garibaldi, personally, had the disinterested incorruptibility of an ancient Roman. How little this incorruptibility was shared by his followers, the failure of his Secretary at this period to account for three millions of ducats, for which he made a requisition on the treasury, when he was called on so to do in the Italian Parliament, is a sufficient indication. A good man had succeeded a tyrant, but it is conceivable that the very simplicity of his noble nature blinded him to the fact that men are not changed in nature by the change of moustache, of flag, or of cry; that peculation, idleness, corruption, and malice may be as active in the conduct of those who to-day shout "Viva

Garibaldi," as in that of those who yesterday shouted "Viva Francesco Secondo."

The Calabrese who had followed the invasion by post of their leader were halted at Castellammare. Two thousand of these impromptu soldiers bivouacked in the street. Their small-bore fowling-pieces, their rusty bayonets, their peaked and shadowing hats, leathern gaiters and tattered cloaks, were not looked at lovingly by their compatriots. If they had not been men so loyal to the new order of things they might have been mistaken for brigands. Even yet the distinction is one of those that needs much explanation to the stranger. Difficulties as to the commissariat soon arose, and the Calabrese melted away or returned home none seemed to know or to care how.

Then, too, the English element came into play. Englishmen who had assumed the red shirt abounded in the streets of Naples. A light of the English bar, unfortunately obscured, but on his way to fresh triumphs in another hemisphere, occupied state rooms in the Victoria Hotel, and

appeared at breakfast in the red shirt *de rigeur*, trousers thrust into Wellington boots, and with a pair of revolvers on the table. Some time later than that an English brigade arrived, to the great admiration of the Neapolitans. "*Che bella gioventù!*" was the cry. The welcome which the brigade received from their colonel was not calculated to raise their spirits. They were kept on deck during a sultry day without shelter, food, or orders. When a tardy visit was paid to the vessel, the major in command was put under arrest. The volunteers were then allowed to land, marched to an empty *caserne*, left, without food or blankets, to the chance hospitality of the townsfolk, and, on the morrow, ordered to the front, to take part in the siege at Capua, with the intrenching tools with which nature had armed their fingers, for no others were distributed to them. The writer does not give this account from actual observation, but from the information of members of the corps themselves. The chaplain to the English embassy bore indignant testimony

to the difficulty which he experienced in saving the life of one of these brave and imprudent lads, whom the colonel insisted on shooting because he had supplied the default—or rather the total absence —of a commissariat by laying violent hands on a fowl.

That the troops of Garibaldi were not improperly called *picciorilli* soon became evident. Lads who were mere children were seen in the cafés of Naples, armed with sword or bayonet, and dignified by the red shirt. There was one who will be remembered by many, as dining at a *table d'hôte* much frequented by Englishmen. He was eleven years of age. He had been made a sergeant by Garibaldi for courage in the field. He displayed his *spada* at the dinner-table as a child would display a new toy. "Eleven years of age and a sergeant! 'Quelle carrière!" cried an enthusiastic Frenchwoman.

But saddest of all the strange scenes of the day was one that might be witnessed in the same room. A woman, young, lovely, noble, in the

uniform of an officer of cavalry, and dignified by the rank of major. It was inexpressibly mournful to detect, beneath the assumed tone of license of the camp, the ready suggestion of mischievous fun, the apt provocation to quarrel—the lineaments of gentle nurture and delicate feminine sensibility. The French diplomât who first seduced that charming countess from her native reserve and dignity, will have had a fearful account to render among those who have dared to deface the noblest and rarest of the works of God.

XVII.

THE DICTATORSHIP AND ITS SEQUEL.

WITH the establishment of the Dictatorship at Naples, the civic interest of the movement began to abate. Intelligence was now allowed to circulate, and Alexandre Dumas established a journal in Naples under the title of the "Independente," in which he was obliged to explain that long intervals of inaction unavoidably occurred in war. Day by day affairs got into worse confusion. Finance there was none. Decrees of the noblest sentiment, such as one for the abolition of the lottery, appeared in the official paper, and there ended their observance. Garibaldi arrived at Naples on the 6th of September, and on the 25th of that month, with a total disregard of all existing rights, he signed at Caserta a decree conceding all the railways of Southern Italy to Messrs. Adami and Lemmi, for whose convenience, by some inexplicable man-

agement, the Government was to find the money. This wholesale swoop aroused great contention among the advisers of the Dictator, and on the 12th October an additional article to the decree was signed, to the effect that the concessionnaires must relinquish the Abruzzi and Apulia lines to the French applicants, who had won a promise for these districts from the last hours of the tottering administration of Francis II. This rapid and inconsiderate method of dealing with the great industrial questions of the South of Italy may be regarded as an example of the purely childish way in which it was the manner of the dictatorial Government to guide the councils of the State.

A question, however, of importance even more pressing than that of the physical regeneration of Naples, for it was one which must be decided before any improvement in the administration, which daily sank into more complete paralysis, could be effected, shook the knot of hastily associated individuals who called themselves the ministers of the Dictator. The loud cry of the

Saturnalia of Naples had been threefold. For Garibaldi there was enthusiasm even more fervent than for Victor Emanuel, but the names were heard always united—the one was a present power, the other was an expected benefactor. But beyond the attachment to any individual name in the breasts of all who felt a real enthusiasm, and who shouted neither from calculation, nor from fashion, nor from fear, was the thrill awakened by the words *Italia una.* One Italy, free from the foot of the stranger from the Alps to the Mediterranean—this was the dream of the Italian patriot, and this was the cry which was echoed from Palermo to Naples. It was the wish, however, of many of those whose voices were now able to reach the ear of the Dictator, that Garibaldi should retain, for a season at least, supreme power in Southern Italy; that he should organise an army; that he should march on Rome. When Southern Italy was free, both from the Bourbon and from the Papal rule, it would be time enough to talk of the terms on which to unite with the provinces

swayed by Victor Emanuel. There is no doubt that this view had almost everything in its favour among those who, having risked nothing but the chances which every soldier runs in the field, now found themselves sleeping in royal palaces, and addressed as the dispensers of patronage.

On the other hand, there were those who were patriots of the *Veille*—those to whom the idea of the unity of Italy had long been the great object of life. A constitutional kingdom in the north, an uncontrolled dictatorship, or any other form of republic in the south, and a war with Rome and with France while all things were in confusion, were not, in the eyes of these men, conditions for effecting their main object. As day by day the people found that the windows of heaven were not opened at the beck of Garibaldi, the feeling of the masses became more and more apparent in favour of the unity of Italy. There is no evidence that Garibaldi was at any time aware of his own total administrative incapacity, or that his upright and noble mind

at all realised the character of the men who virtually controlled his movements. The struggle, it is said, was severe in his own mind, and it was the decision not of the consciously-failing politician, but of the self-denying patriot, that led to the resignation of his power and to the ordination of the *plebiscite*.

It was time for something to be done. A Government had broken down with a shock, which, like that of an earthquake, left nothing standing. Divided counsels, personal envy, want of education and power, had allowed a state of things to arise which threatened a second and a more sanguinary catastrophe. No point of repose or of confidence seemed nearer than the picquets of the Sardinian forces. "What will Garibaldi do now?" was the inquiry made on the day after he had attended the festival of the Pieda di Grotta, in the place of the fugitive king, and astonished the inhabitants of Naples by a new and an unpremeditated instance of "*La Republique dans les carosses du Roi.*" "What he ought to do is

plain," was the reply. "He should pitch his tent on the Campo di Marzo, surrounded by the English volunteers and by a few of the Sicilian and of the Calabrian followers of his march. He should issue a proclamation offering protection and recognition to any man who honestly conformed to the new order of things. He should enjoin the regular and unbroken collection of the taxes by the existing officers, no one of whom should be displaced except for actual neglect of duty. He should send recruiting parties with flags and drums, and liberal bounty down, through the streets of Naples, and through the provinces of Terra de Lavoro and of Salerno. He will thus readily collect under his banners those men who, if neglected, will have no alternative except to follow Francis II., or to enter into that state of warfare on their own account which is called brigandage. As regiments are thus formed they must be marched to safe depôts, or even sent to the north in exchange for Sardinian troops. A few days' vigorous administration, and the Bour-

bon army, which otherwise must be fought, will have melted like the snow."

Those who watched the slow, reluctant gait, and averted glances with which men in uniform and under arms left Naples for Capua, those who felt how each day wasted in the issue of petty and unobserved decrees, in providing for the family of the regicide Milano, in constant appeals to the best feelings of the people, but in nothing else, added to the relative force of the party of reaction, and to the actual numbers of the garrisons of Capua and of Gaeta, were not surprised that the possibility of a speedy return of Francis II. to Naples, and of a terrible and sanguinary vengeance, began from day to day to be more and more dreaded by the people. A great deal of shouting had been done. Business of all kinds had been suspended. Provisions were becoming scarce, but it was hard to say what other benefits had emanated from the dictatorship. Then the observation—it could not be called a siege—of Gaeta made no progress. Garibaldi, ever ready

to throw his own person into the thickest of the charge, expected the same devotion from those whom he called his troops, but devotion and enthusiasm, admirable in their place, are not effective against strongholds the commanders of which decline to be dislodged by telegraph or even by unsupported summons. Guns, ammunition, entrenching tools, huts, medical stores, hospitals, ambulances, are required for such purposes as the reduction of a fortress occupied by real troops. To provide, and to bring to bear, these material elements of success, are required a military and a civil administration. But these were just the parts of the organisation of the party of action that were most brilliant in the distant future. How, in fact, should it be otherwise?

Had any nucleus or rallying point existed for the safe and sure construction of a South Italian Government, it would have been gladly hailed by all but the extreme of either party. The reign of Francis II., as a *bonâ fide* constitutional sovereign, would have been welcomed at Turin and at Milan.

Had he been a man in whose word or in whose capacity any one could have placed the slightest reliance, his return from Gaeta would have been a triumph. But his chance was at an end from the unhesitating estimate formed by his late subjects of his character. The name of Murat was heard in some mouths. King Joachim had been popular in Naples, where, during his brief sway, he had arrived at the unwelcome audacity of fancying himself a real king, who had some duties to those whom he called his people, and not a mere lieutenant of Napoleon Bonaparte. But although it had been the fashion in Paris to refurbish the theatrical properties of persons of the imperial household, the man was not forthcoming for so brilliant a *rôle*. And again, the feeling of hatred to the French was rising to a degree which the ill-advised occupation of Rome has since rendered so marked and so universal. But the government of the party of action was looked on as more impossible than that of a Bourbon or of a Murat. Naples, by sheer force of events, against the wish

of nearly all who were thought to be the controllers of events, gravitated irresistibly towards the north.

It was in good time that the resolution was taken, and that the Sardinian troops were moved towards the frontiers. A little later and it would have been too late, and the forlorn hope of the revolution, dwindling and shrinking before the walls of Capua, would have been the food of the bullet and of the bayonet; as the Royalist army, amid the acclamations of those who had shouted "Viva Garibaldi," moved to re-occupy Naples.

If the world is governed with little wisdom there are portions of it that are not governed without a good deal of charlatanism. Among the Southern Italians the *Circences* supplied by their rulers are almost as much regarded as the *Panem*. The attempt of the party of reaction to organise a crusade against Palestine in the year of grace 1860 had signally and ridiculously collapsed. The party of action claimed the authority of a more ancient tradition, and two thousand years after

vote by ballot had first been introduced at Rome, what was called a plebiscite was announced for Southern Italy. Voting papers, called *tessaræ*, were distributed by the municipal authorities, and two urns or boxes were erected on a sort of tribunal in the front of every parish church, in one or other of which, under the eye of the mayor or sub-prefect, and in the light of day, the voter was to deposit his *Si* or his *No*.

In any case in which the mass of the people is consulted, if it can be ascertained beforehand that there will be a majority for any decision, that majority is sure to be overwhelming. In any doubtful case, individual conscience or opinion, or the energy of party spirit, will be likely to give life to a struggle. But if that great mass who, more especially among southern races, worship the rising sun, are aware from what quarter its first beams will ascend, not only are they prompt to hail them, but it becomes somewhat dangerous to avow any other object of admiration. The dissentients from the vote for the unity of Italy

under the crown of Victor Emanuel were so few that their numbers gave dignity to a victory which, it was said, was thus proved to have nothing to do with the arts of coercion or of intimidation. No protest was registered on the day of voting. A protest, however, has been since that hour exhibited from day to day, a protest impossible without the active or tacit adherence of the majority of the people—it is known by the name of brigandage.

The present is not the age of hero worship. That powerful and eccentric writer, who has endeavoured to introduce or to justify the intellectual worship of Hercules, does little more than raise a smile among those who can separate the real vigour of his thoughts from the gibberish in which it has increasingly delighted him to veil them. Neither is it the age of great men. Men deserving that appellation, now known and active in Europe, may be counted on the fingers. But during the trying times that witnessed the transformation of Piedmont from an insignificant petty state to the

powerful nucleus of a great kingdom, there was present at her councils a man of consummate ability, a man with a purpose and a will. That man was the father of Italy—murdered by the barbarous skill of his countrymen, he was unable to guide the tottering steps of the infant kingdom. The result of his death we have yet to learn.

In the first election for the Italian Parliament the influence of Cavour was everywhere felt. Incongruous and strange as was the first assemblage, it was known to owe whatever facilities for action it possessed no less to the provident caution than to the administrative talent of the great minister. The council of the King of Italy consisted of one man, and a few desks, stools, and pens, each occupied, for form's sake, by personages called ministers. When Cavour breathed his last, the desks and stools and pens were left to get on by themselves. They have made great advance in one direction, the accumulation of national debt. That appears to be the most tangible result of parliamentary government in Italy.

In the Italian parliament are seen, in full bloom, the great virtues and the great vices of the Italian character. A sense of decorum, of courtesy, of dignity, pervades the assembly. It was scandalised at the appearance in the Chamber of Garibaldi in his shirt-sleeves, even though those sleeves were red. Perhaps the Deputies were right. Eloquence and nobility of tone are well represented in the Chamber. Much is said of the dignity of the country, much of the hope of the future. If a decorous and interesting performance, enlivened at times by great divergence of opinion and great energy of expression, be that for which a House of Representatives is collected, few Chambers have deserved better of their countrymen than those which have met at Turin and at Florence. If a general and impassioned reprobation of venality or incapacity, when their perpetrators are so maladroit as to suffer themselves to be detected, are proofs of a high moral tone, the morality of no body of men can be more pure than that of the Chamber that inquired into the relations subsisting

between Count Bastogi and his associates, and the enterprise of the Southern railways. If Italy is to be made by fine words, she will certainly be made by the Chamber.

But if it be necessary, for the establishment of a consolidated State, to practise those humbler virtues which are found necessary for the management of a private estate, if it be requisite not only to discuss, or even to admit great evils, but to remove them; if it be essential to proportion the means to the end, to decide on a certain course and then to follow it up, to act as well as to talk, the credit of the Italian Parliament has yet to be earned and established. To apportion blame, or to throw blame without apportionment on individual and successive ministries, has been the agreeable task of session after session. To expose the impracticable pride of one minister, the stupid vanity of another, the suspected subserviency to treason of a third, has been the pleasure of many indignant orators. But to curtail an altogether disproportionate expenditure, to look actual fact in the face, to make

both ends meet, has certainly not been successfully, even if intelligently, attempted since the death of Cavour.

To trace session by session the labours of the Italian Parliament is not the object of the present pages. It is not an inviting task for any friend of Italy. We have the result in few words—double taxation, overwhelming debt, hopeless deficit, complete humiliation, both by land and by sea, of those forces for the support of which that intolerable load had been assumed. Whether the object be to repeal brigandage and abuses, to secure the safe passage of the mails or the carriage of a private tourist for the distance of fifteen miles from Naples, to keep faith with a foreign capitalist who has been invited to make a railway, to deal with the Church property, to come to some concordat with the papacy, to provide ships that will swim and an admiral that can fight, or even to make a respectable appearance in a combined military operation, the result is always the same — admirable and perfect

until it has to take the form of fact, and then a helpless breakdown.

To set fishermen to smelt metals or to forge anchors, to turn mountaineers into sailors, to bid the shepherd of Salisbury Plain drive four-in-hand through Regent Street, would excite a smile if it were proposed. But what in either of these instances would be more incongruous than to expect a majority of deputies, educated under the repressive system of Ferdinand II. of Naples to form an efficient or a practicable Parliament? The will, in many instances, may be the best, but the habits of a life are not to be eradicated by calling a man *Signor Deputato.* It is true that the great difficulty of the case lies in the want of men fitted to form part of a representative body, and in the utter blindness of those elected to that post as to their own incompetence. The wors features of Government by party look respectable beside what can only be represented as the negation of all possible Government by the force of private envy.

It is all very well, it may be said, to follow the example deprecated by the writer, and to do nothing but pick holes in constitutional action. What is to be done? What improvement is to be hoped for? How are the present pages more practical than the very edicts of Garibaldi himself?

It is very easy to point out what has to be done: the difficulty lies not there, but in the doing of it. One word, if it become a living truth, is alone required to regenerate Italy, and to reconstitute, from the fragments of ancient civilization and the ruins of crumbled despotisms, a nation worthy of their great intellectual pre-eminence. That word is good faith. The simple practice of integrity and candour in the dealings of life, the resolve to make no engagement without seeing the way to carry it out, and to carry out faithfully any engagement once made, the avoidance of private assassination of character, the forbearance to oppose any projected improvement unless by the suggestion of a better, the application to one's own business of all the care

now devoted to hindering the business of others,—this is all that is necessary to insure to Italy a foremost, perhaps the foremost, place in the world. It is true that the change would involve a transformation of the national character.

In regarding the change which the last decade has brought about in the material condition of Italy, it must be borne in mind that the whole result is not due to political revolution. Over the greater part of the civilised world the effect of the influx of gold from California and Australia has displayed itself in the rise of prices. Under the most opposite conditions of political existence this change has been felt. It was perceptible in Southern Italy in 1859, and, although its exact influence may not be easy of determination, it must be remembered that some portion of the increase of the burden of the people is more nominal than real. This correction, however, abstractly necessary as it is, sinks to insignificance when we come to regard the actual figures that measure the statistical gain effected by the progress of the revolution.

In the year 1856, the united public debts of Sardinia, Parma, Rome, and the Two Sicilies did not exceed £62,000,000 sterling. Tuscany and Modena made no return of any public debt in their statistics. The Neapolitan 5 per cents. were quoted at 120. At the close of 1865 the united public debt of the kingdom of Italy and of the Papal States amounted to £245,000,000 sterling, having quadrupled in ten years. The financial condition of Rome, which has added more than £1,000,000 sterling per annum, during the period under review, to its debt of £14,000,000, and in which State the annual deficit is almost exactly equal to the interest payable on the public debt, becomes lost in the larger misfortune of the united Peninsula. The Florentine, in return for the designation of his city as the capital of Italy, has to pay 38 francs per head of taxation in lieu of the 17½ francs which he paid in 1856. The Neapolitan then paid 17¾ francs, the Modenese 14¼, the Parmesan paid 17¾ francs, the Roman 24½. The subjects of Sardinia bore a taxation at the

times the commercial activity of its southern neighbour. It is clear that this pressure cannot be increased or even maintained without a material change, either for the better or the worse, in the kingdom of Italy.

In pointing out the significant fact that the taxation borne, or at least the expenditure incurred, by the Italian people has doubled within ten years, we have by no means stated the whole case. In all instances of national as well as of individual embarrassment, those interested in the well-doing of the sufferers are prompt to find excuse. The evil is mainly found to be exceptional. Next year, or the year after, all will be set right. This year, indeed, it was a cattle plague or a commercial panic; the year before it was a war; the year before that it was the need to be prepared, and so on. The fallacy lies here, that although the individual exceptional causes of over outlay may not recur, others of similar magnitude are pretty sure to issue from the cloudy veil of futurity: and when expenditure has once got into the bad

habit of exceeding income, it is extremely difficult to check the abuse.

The historian has little to do with the theory of exceptional causes. Comprising in his glance marked periods of national history, he will define the financial, as well as the social or military, position at fixed points of the national development, and will mark that from century to century, or from decade to decade, a State becomes more wealthy or more impoverished, more respected or more disregarded, without pausing to investigate the cause or the terms of the issue of every loan, or the tactics of every battle. The more impartially we regard the present as the future historian will hereafter have to describe it, the more we look at actual fact, apart from the special pleading of the politician of the hour, the nearer shall we be to the truth.

It is from the neglect of this method of regarding contemporary history that events of the utmost significance pass with hardly a comment. A rise or fall of one or two per cent. in the price of

consols, a fact absolutely unimportant from any but the most contracted and personal point of view, will fill men's minds with hope or with panic, while the slow, silent, overwhelming increase of the public debt of Europe takes place unheeded. What writer of the day has called attention to the fact that, with almost the sole exceptions of Holland and of England, every shilling paid to the public creditors of Europe during the last ten years has, with the other hand, been borrowed from other public creditors within the same time? Who has brought out into the light of day the ugly fact that £150,000,000 sterling, out of the £175,000,000 sterling annually due to the owners of *rente* and funds, has to be annually raised by loan, and that to keep faith with the fund-holder, without so steadily increasing the obligation as to make an ultimate crash only a question of time, the existing taxation of Europe must be increased by one-third? Yet these are the simple and unquestionable results of but a few lines of figures.

Taking the accounts as they stand up to the close of 1865, and saying nothing at present of the large increase in debt effected in 1866, we find that during the last decade Italy has contrived to increase her debt at the rate of more than £18,000,000 sterling per annum. As yet there are little signs of checking that increase, which may be stated as the incurring of a debt of 19 francs per head per annum for every Italian for ten years.

To stop this fatal leak, the bewildered ministers of Italy seek to apply the property of the Church. To discuss the justice or the policy of the step would prolong these pages beyond the limits prescribed by the author. But two questions arise for solution of even more pressing and practical nature: can the Government thus retrieve a financial position—and, if so, at what cost?

That a large and valuable property is held by the Italian Church there can be no hesitation in admitting. There is great difficulty in ascertain-

ing its amount, but the estimate of £80,000,000 sterling would seem to be below the truth. But it is not property that the State needs, but money, and the mode of converting even a third of this property into money is a question of the most intricate difficulty. Hitherto every attempt to deal with the question has failed, and the deputies at Florence seem never to have realised the fact that each week that they waste in idle words adds at least half a million sterling to their difficulties. And supposing the present ministry and the present session to be more successful than their predecessors, and that a nominal sum of twenty or twenty-five millions be procured for the sorely embarrassed treasury, where will be the budget of 1870? The experience of the past shows that like taxes, loans, and railways, the Church property will be but another morsel for the ever greedy maw of an ever growing deficit.

To pay debt is a sacred duty. To cease to incur new debt, old debt remaining unpaid, would seem a yet more imperative claim of

honesty. So long as the national expenditure remains permanently in excess of income, so long as the maintenance of a host of employés who do not work, of an army that has not covered itself with honour, of a navy that seems as unable to meet the waves of the Adriatic as the shock of battle—so long as the *statu quo* in these matters is maintained, every help that is given to the minister of finance will but help him further down hill—every fresh expedient for giving a temporary aid to the distressed exchequer will but augment the magnitude of impending disaster.

XVIII.

THE DECADENCE OF AUTHORITY.

THE passenger who threads his way through the crowded footways of a great city, tending indeed to a definite point, but struggling with the throng for almost every yard of advance, can form little adequate idea of the plan and outline of the streets. But the traveller who, desirous to gain information as to the general topography of the spot, ascends some commanding hill, like that from the summit of which, looking over the turbid flood of the "King of Rivers," can be so distinctly viewed the well-ordered streets and squares of the gallant little sub-Alpine capital, is able by a hasty glance to obtain the knowledge he desires. Again, amid the confusion of a battle very little knowledge of the general progress of the engagement can be acquired by any individual combatant, and those troops on whom, in modern conflict, depends the

main chance of the day, the artillery, are shrouded from the prospect of the field by the very smoke caused by their own service. Illustrations are not arguments, but cases of this kind may be regarded not as mere illustrations, but rather as instances of that general law which forbids the possibility of a calm and thorough comprehension of the tendency and progress of any great movement or struggle by those who are active agents in its conduct.

It is thus that writers on history invariably fail to present, in few incisive lines, a philosophical view of the general tendency, and thus of the successive steps, of that mighty revolution in human faith, human morals, and human habits, which, continued from the date of the earliest records, appears to be entering on a new phase in this present nineteenth century. The most conscientious and luminous writers, if they have at all raised their contemplation from the immediate field of their labours to throw a hurried glance over the past, or to give a hopeful or fearful guess at the immediate future, have done so in each instance

from a point of view so partial and narrow as to suffer from the distorting effect of parallax. In proportion to their honesty has been the strength of their conviction that the narrow limit of their own opinions was equivalent to the grand unity of truth, so that the more you admire the respect of the writer for truth, the more do you find him incapacitated for its attainment by the energy of prejudice. While the pen of the chronicler was held exclusively by the ecclesiastic, the history of the Church—his Church—and of the abolition or suppression of heresy, was the natural theme of the history of the day. When great questions arose to divide the minds of men, when the iron pen of the Wittemberg monk irritated the repose of the crowned lion at Rome, and when literary controversy assumed all the acrimony of actual warfare, any calm appreciation of the social bearing of a principle or of an event was still more hopeless. As active hostilities wore themselves down into a state of chronic and desultory warfare, it was none the less incumbent on writers in either camp

to show that they regarded the course of human events from an unquestionably Christian standpoint, a position so limited by certain polemical necessities as to have rendered it impossible, to take one example alone, for any author in Christendom to present any consistent or intelligible hypothesis as to the greatest religious phenomenon that has occurred since the preaching of the Apostles,—the rise and spread of Islam. And when, in the times of convulsion of thought that heralded the French revolution, there arose great writers who were in no way obnoxious to criticism on account of their religious prejudices or assumptions, the anti-Christian and anti-religious energy of their convictions soon gave proof that the man who called himself the apostle of progress was as partial and as disingenuous as the man who thought himself the champion of established truth. What little product of a great mind was ever more contemptible than the book which Voltaire called the Philosophy of History?

The distinction which, since the time that the

utter extinction of learning was only averted by the fostering care of the Catholic Church, has been habitually drawn between what is called Sacred and what is called profane history, is a further cause which has prevented the realisation by the students of history of some of the general features of the change in human habit of thought which has been effected during the lapse of twenty-three centuries. The father of Grecian history claimed the attention of his foremost countrymen, assembled at the Olympic games, almost in the very year in which the pen was laid down by the last Hebrew historian who wrote of times contemporary with himself and of scenes in which he was an actor. We have severed the link which has escaped the tooth of time. We have assumed that the state of opinion and the energy of belief indicated by Nehemiah, by Isaiah, by Ezra, by the series of priests and prophets who continued the Hebrew records from the time, or at least from the traditions, of the great founder of the Jewish polity, regarded human events from an isolated point of

view, and that the Jewish idea of the guidance of human events by invisible power differed, not only in species but in genus, from the habitual associations of surrounding and contemporary nations. The discoveries which in the course of the present century have been made of the monumental records of the Egyptian, the Persian, and the Assyrian sovereigns have thus been more precious from the contradiction they have afforded to a false and misleading assumption, than for any actual knowledge of particular events which they have yet revealed. It is something to have the date of the accession of Sennacherib at Nineveh astronomically ascertained from clay tablets modelled during the reign of his son Esarhaddon. It is something to decipher the account given by Darius himself of his Achæmenian descent; it is something to read the enumeration made by the scribes of Shishak of the number of captives, and the number of severed hands, brought to Thebes as trophies of that Pharaoh's campaign in Syria and Palestine; but it is of far more importance to be made aware

that Josephus and Livy, that Herodotus and Ezra, that Darius and Hezekiah, that the scribes of the eighteenth dynasty and the historian of the Exodus, all speak in the same tone—in a language obsolete indeed, and inconsistent with modern ideas, but a language which must be understood by him who would form any intelligent or intelligible view of the history of the world.

The unity of utterance of all these ancient records tells with no uncertain accents that the rulers of mankind two thousand years ago exercised an authority of which, having lost the tradition, we can hardly realise the possibility. The three symbols and engines of a power which claimed to be at once paternal and divine, the Balance of the judge, the Sword of the captain, the Curse of the priest, were regarded with prompt and ready obedience; whether, as in the earliest times, they were attributed to the same venerated patriarch, or whether, as population became more dense, they were divided between the cognate and collateral

lineages of the king and the priest. Of the earliest Syrian patriarchs—priests, kings, or caliphs—we have only the record of the names. When Hebrew records first assume a biographical character we find that the King of Salem was priest of the Most High God. Six centuries later we find the Hebrew lawgiver, while ruling as "King in Jeshurun," delegating the sacerdotal functions to his brother, and establishing that long dynasty of high-priests which transmitted the sacred garments from father to son for a period during which the thrones of Upper and Lower Egypt were occupied by fifteen successive or collateral dynasties. The royal line of David coexisted with the unbroken male descent of the sons of Zadoc for nineteen generations. In Egypt we find the same attribution of a special sacred character to the king, and we find the records of the collateral pedigrees of the Pharaohs and the priests of Amun. In the exercise of the royal and sacerdotal power, whether by the same individual or by distinct persons, we find the constant assertion and acknow-

ledgment of the presence of a Divine Power. The Egyptian monarchs are represented with the attributes of the divinities. In one remarkable series of bas-reliefs we trace the history of the latest king of the mighty eighteenth dynasty, from the annunciation of his birth to his royal mother by the God Thoth, through the details of his birth under the presiding presence of Isis, of his nursing by the sacred cow—as Jupiter was nourished by the goat Amalthœa, or the twins of Rhea by the fostering she-wolf—to his presentation and recognition in the temple of the chief object of Egyptian worship. When the vial of oil was poured upon the head of Saul by the prophet, the Spirit of God came upon the designated king. No fact in ancient history is more certain than that the monarchs and high-priests of those nations of which we have very distinct records claimed obedience in virtue of a special power or presence of the divinities, feared by their race and blood, resting on their heads, and distinguishing them, not in station only but in nature, from other men.

With a submission for the most part unquestioned to an authority that was accepted as divine, we can also trace the proofs of a general and practical belief in the direct interference of the invisible powers in human affairs, and of the distinct counsel and direction that might, with more or less facility and certitude, be obtained from the consultation of prophet or of oracle. The more awful and solemn oracles, indeed, would not always respond, but the applicant, whose disfavour with the power to which he became a supplicant was thus indicated, is found in such a case to resort to other methods of obtaining superhuman counsel. When the Israelites planned a return to Egypt they required gods to go before them. When Saul obtained no reply by Urim, or by prophets, or by dreams, he sought the aid of necromancy. How Crœsus sought to test the question as to which oracle might be most implicity relied on, is fresh in the memory of the reader of Herodotus. Account for it as we may; assume, with the so-called critical school, that the central belief of ancient times was

a delusion practised on credulous and ignorant men by crafty and designing priests and augurs; assume, with the commentators of opposite tendencies, that the writer of the Book of Exodus, after truly and literally describing the signs wrought by Moses in presence of Pharaoh, is in error in adding, "and the magicians did so with their enchantments;" cut the knot, like the more ardent theologians, by ascribing all marvels that coincide with your opinions to the divine power, and all that do not to the power of the devil; or allow the possibility that, more than sixty generations since, the veil between the material and the spiritual worlds was more readily pierced than has been the case for the last fifteen or eighteen centuries; the fact still remains as certain as any testimony can make it, that the people of those times, rightly or wrongly, believed in the possibility of intercourse with the invisible world, and of obtaining counsel from powers that foreknew the course of human events.

If we contrast the present state of Europe,

as regards the claims put forth by the royal power, with the condition of Asia in the time of Darius or of Xerxes, of Egypt in the time of Thothmes or of Amenophis, of Palestine under the reign of David or of Solomon, we must admit that the relative condition of the sovereign and the people is altogether transformed. So distinctly is this the case, that we have to look to such relics of former habits as the accordance by the Church of Rome of the cup in the Eucharist to crowned heads, as an acknowledgment of the sacerdotal character of the king, and as the touching for the evil practised by Louis XVIII. and George III. as a traditional exercise of the divine or miraculous power of an anointed descendant of Alfred or of St. Louis, in order to be able to trace the relation of the kings of to-day with their ancient predecessors. The king, where his executive power is now most unquestioned, has been changed from the representative and anointed of the Most High, into the first magistrate of the people. Two European rulers subscribe themselves

with the logical contradiction, "By the grace of God and the will of the people." The forlorn hope of the reconstruction of the holy Roman Empire, to which the House of Hapsburg clung for sixty years, was shattered by the cannon of Sadowa. England, the Scandinavian kingdoms, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, Greece, are ruled by sovereigns who claim obedience in virtue of constitutions. The King of Prussia himself, the junior of the princes subject to the Emperor to whom he accorded permission to assume the closed crown and the title of king, who now loudly claims as a divine inheritance the rights inherent in a title thus established, is fettered by chambers and by a constitution, royally acknowledged, if practically set aside. The King of Hungary, driven, by the patient consistency of the Hungarians and by the needle-gun, to abandon the principles for which he was called on to displace his uncle on the throne, announces himself not only as a sworn but as a constitutional monarch. Spain, the prey of adventurer after adventurer, cannot be looked

to, even by the most ardent believer in legitimacy, as likely to restore the fortunes of the cause. In all Europe there remain but three sovereigns who consistently, and but one who with absolute consistency, represent the principle of authority—namely, the Sultan, the Czar, and the Pope.

The Sultan and the Czar, in their double capacities as sovereigns, and as Head of the Greek Church and Caliph of Islam, though holding court and reigning in Europe, may be regarded rather as Asiatic sovereigns. Their dominions are on the outskirts of what we call civilization. The relation of the Czar to his nobles, the great experiment he has undertaken with the serfs, the attempt made to induce the Sultan to invalidate his claim on the obedience of the Moslem by substituting the principles of European civilization for those of Islam—all these are interesting and important questions. Their discussion requires a knowledge of the condition of the Russian and the Ottoman dominions that is extremely rare, and it must be long before the progress made towards the solution

of these questions can warmly interest the attention, or seriously affect the state, of Western Europe. With the remaining power, the sole claimant of divine, irresponsible, absolute authority, the case is different; the great question of the day is that of the position and the future of the Papacy in face of the Revolution.

XIX.

THE PAPACY IN THE FACE OF THE REVOLUTION.

It would be difficult in so few words to put a question which would elicit such opposite and such angry responses, as when you inquire, What is the Papacy? From such diametrically opposite points of view are the origin and nature of the Papal power regarded by its defenders and its assailants, that the voice of impartial history is unheard amid the din of polemics. Men feel strongly on a question which, it must be admitted, is one of portentous magnitude; and, as usual when their feelings are deeply stirred, make use of the exaggerated language of admiration or of hatred.

The Papacy, you will be told by its adherents, is a divine institution which, in its sacerdotal

character, replaces that ancient priesthood upon which the visible light of the divine presence rested for fifteen centuries. Its social or political power is derived from the commission given by the Founder of Christianity to the prince of His apostles to feed the flock of Christ, and from the delivery to chosen followers, as recorded in the Gospel itself, of the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Two hundred and fifty-eight successors of that first martyr Bishop of Rome have in unbroken series ruled the metropolitan and supreme See to which the Holy Catholic Church, *semper*, *ubique*, *ab omnibus*, ever has and ever will yield full obedience. To these bishops and their suffragans and clergy were committed the custody and the interpretation of those sacred Scriptures which can be understood by none without a teacher; as we know no less from their own silent testimony than from the endless and contradictory heresies that rend all those who have striven to read God's word by the feeble light of human judgment. To this supreme spiritual power not

only the people but the kings of the East owe obedience. "I will set my first-born," said the voice of prophecy, "higher than the kings of the earth;" and the power to crown and to depose monarchs, as well as to regulate the faith of their subjects, is claimed by the Vicar of Christ. The Sacraments of the Church, administered by the clergy, admit to its communion in the visible and in the invisible world. The punishment of sin may be remitted in answer to prayer and to masses, and absolution from its burden may be obtained at the hands of the priesthood. The faithful are preserved from torment and from the sin of doubt by the infallible authority of the head of the Church, and human error is obviated by the plenary presence of divine wisdom in the counsel of the Universal Bishop. Thus a pastoral and benign rule, resembling that of the heavenly Father, is provided for those who, in the faith once delivered to the saints, obey the Church on earth and shall reign with the Church in heaven.

The Papacy, you will be told by its opponents, is

the master work of Satanic cunning, poisoning Christianity at its source, and restoring the worst features of pagan idolatry under the hypocrisy of a baptised name. The private judgment for which each man is responsible to his Maker is usurped and outraged by the pretensions of the priesthood. The sanctity of domestic life is violated by the rule of monastic institutions, by the celibate of the clergy, and by the terrible engine of the Confessional; and the Church of Rome, drunken with the blood of the martyrs and saints of Jesus, is the very harlot of awful prophecy.

The Papacy, as regarded by the truth-seeking historian, is an existing institution which differs from those ancient royalties of which the origin is lost in the early twilight of history, and from those priesthoods which claim to have been originated by Divine command, inasmuch as we are able to trace it to its source, and to mark the several stages of that gradual transformation through which it has arrived at the apogee of its dignity. We are the less likely greatly to err in

tracing these several steps, as recorded by Damasus, the thirty-eighth Pontiff, and by succeeding papal historians, inasmuch as they date the origin of forms of worship, or of the growth of the hierarchical system, which an unscrupulous panegyrist would have ascribed to the inspired founder, and to the original constitution of the See, so that the testimony to their gradual growth commands that credence which is rarely refused to a witness who admits what is unfavourable to himself. Thus if we look at one of the main elements of the Catholic system, the separation of the clergy from the general body of the faithful, we find the first indications to be afforded under the fifth and the twelfth bishops, when the growth of the beard and the habit of wearing long hair were forbidden to the clergy. Priests are first mentioned in the time of Evaristus, the sixth bishop, martyred under Trajan; bishops, as cited to Rome under Sixtus I. The consecration of a metropolitan by these bishops dates from the twelfth episcopate, that of Anicetus; the form of ordination was regulated

under Calistus, the seventeenth. The restriction of the use of ecclesiastical vestments to the church itself was ordered by Stephen, the twenty-fourth bishop of Rome; the establishment of seven orders, and the claim to withdraw their members from the cognizance of the secular courts is attributed to Gaius, the twenty-ninth. Thus far had the Church proceeded in the organisation of her hierarchy under the first thirty-three confessor Bishops of Rome, who ruled their flock amid the ten persecutions of the Pagan emperors, and at least eight of whom added the title of martyr to that of confessor.

With Sylvester, the thirty-fourth Bishop of Rome, a new phase of papal history commences, marked by the reception of the crown sent by the Emperor Constantine to the Pontiff. Yet it is not till the time of Boniface II., the fifty-sixth Pope, that we find the direction for that separation of the people and clergy during Mass which forms so distinctive a character of the present ceremonial, and even of the architecture of the Church.

Gregory the Great, the sixty-fifth pope, at a time when it seemed probable that the primacy of the Church would be transferred to Constantinople, declared that the claim to an universal bishopric would be a sure mark of Antichrist. His successor next but one, Boniface III., forgot or discredited the warning of Gregory I., when he received from the Emperor Phocas the title of "*Episcopus Ecclesiæ Catholicæ*," when he declared the seat of Peter to be the head of all Churches, and when, though styling himself "*Servus servorum Dei*," he headed his mandates with the authoritative words "*Volumus et jubemus*." With Boniface III. commences the third series of Roman bishops, the Popes strictly so called. Under Boniface V., the fourth of these Popes, the right of sanctuary was asserted; Eugenius, seventy-fifth successor of St. Peter, established the celibate of the clergy, and the right to crown and to depose the Emperor was claimed by Gregory III., who enlisted the sword of Charles Martel in support of his lofty demands.

With Stephen III., ninety-fourth bishop of Rome, who received the gift of the Exarchate of Ravenna from Pepin, King of France, commences the fourth series of the wearers of the Fisherman's ring, that of the Bishops of Rome who also exercised, or claimed, a temporal sovereignty. The mode of the election of a Pope now became, as a matter of higher importance than formerly, a subject of prolonged struggle. Stephen III. was confirmed by the Imperial power as represented by Pepin. The Lateran Council held under Stephen IV. decreed that no layman should be made Pope under penalty of excommunication. Pascal I., the hundredth bishop, was first elected without leave of the Emperor by the clergy and people. Gregory IV. was confirmed by the Emperor Louis the Debonnaire. Adrian III. was elected in the same manner as Pascal I. In 956, Octavius, the son of Alberic, seized the Pontificate and Government of Rome, and commenced, under the title of John XII., the custom of assuming a fresh name on acceding to the

tiara. An obscure period of strife between the Popes and the Emperors, marked by the submission of Henry III. to Gregory VII., led to a revolution at Rome in A. U. C. 1890, when the people seized the Government of the city, and the election of a Pope was restricted to the cardinals. A struggle of fifty years' duration between the Popes and the Romans was closed by the agreement, in A.D. 1180, that consuls should be elected by the people, and should swear fidelity to the Popes, and Pope Alexander III. decreed that the suffrages of two-thirds of the Cardinals who joined in an election should be necessary for the choice of a Pope. The law of conclave, established by Gregory X., the 186th Pope, fixed the still existing rules of election, and the title of Vicar of Christ was assumed by Benedict X., who deposed Louis of Bavaria, and appointed vicars of the Empire in the principal Italian cities. The government of the city of Rome was assumed by Boniface IX., the 205th Pope, who acceded to the tiara fourteen years after the return of Gregory II. to Rome,

and the close of the seventy years' residence of the head of the Church at Avignon.

If we regard that imposing ceremonial and minutely regulated detail of observance, which forms so essential a part of the external ordinance of the Roman Church, we are able with equal minuteness to trace its origin and development. Of the prayers and services of the Church, the only portion which is referred to the first martyr and apostolic bishop is the *Pater Noster*, and of that St. Peter was not the author. Holy water was introduced by Alexander I., the seventh bishop, who also ordained the use of unleavened bread and of wine mingled with water for the Eucharist. The *Sanctus* is attributed to his successor, Sixtus I., the *Gloria Patri*, the seven weeks fast in Lent, and the three Masses at Christmas, to his successor Telesphorus. The order of the Psalms, and the *Confiteor* before the Mass was established by Urban I., the eighteenth bishop; the performance of Mass on the Altar, and that only in consecrated places, dates from Sixtus II. and from Felix I., the

twenty-fifth and twenty-seventh bishops. The chrism, extreme unction, the use of the cross, of the alb and the dalmatic, and a prohibition to wear silk, are attributed to Sylvester. The standing during the Gospel was introduced by the fortieth bishop, Anastasius; the *Agnus Dei*, the fast on the Sabbath, and the benediction of wax, were ordinances of Innocent I. The Psalms and Antiphon before Mass, and the "Judica me, Deus," of Celestine, the forty-fourth bishop. The *Gloria in Excelsis* is referred to Simmachus, the sixty-second bishop. Litanies and Stations, the *Kyrie* and the *Alleluia*, the re-establishment of Ecclesiastical order, the hours for Mass, and the lighting of lamps in the churches, were ordained by Gregory the Great, the author of the suffrage, "Give peace in our time, O Lord," and by his successor Sabinian. The Latin Service, with the use of chants and organs, was established by Vitalian, seventy-seventh bishop; processions were introduced also by Vitalian; and, in the 400th year from the destruction of idols by Constantine, image worship was finally re-

established by the Synod of Rome under Gregory III.

In regarding such a brief sketch of the growth of the Papal power, from the pastorate of a few hunted fugitives meeting in the catacombs of Rome, to the assertion of the plenary power of both the swords by such Pontiffs as Gregory VII. and Innocent III., or to that of the power to add to the dogmas of the Church, which no Pontiff has exercised with more freedom than Pius IX., the attentive reader cannot fail to note an essential difference in the manner in which the authority of these tenets has been maintained by the priests and teachers of the three distinct forms of monotheistic religion. The later development of the Papal power bore the ineffaceable impress of the transformation which that power had undergone. The fisherman's ring sealed the Papal bulls. For two hundred and twenty years, under thirty-three confessor bishops, Christianity, as represented by the Roman Church, was a persecuted faith. Nothing but the most intense conviction of truth

and of duty could have led its converts to their stolen rites of worship. In the presence of an Antichristian Government, which, while not attempting to rule thought itself, was satisfied with that outward expression of obedience to the Emperor which consisted in throwing a few grains of incense on the altar, the early Christians could not hold, as did all religious men before their date, that offences against the divine Majesty were to be punished by appropriate and summary vengeance in this world. They beheld the wicked on every side spreading like a green bay-tree. To be right was to suffer. It therefore became a leading feature of the doctrine of the Church that retribution for good or for evil was to be postponed to an invisible future state. After death the joys of heaven should over-pay the pangs of martyrdom. After death the divine vengeance should attain the inexorable persecutors of God's saints. A view which to the world at large might seem eminently unpractical, and unsuited to form the sanction of an energetic morality, came home with living force

to the persecuted Christian. This world, he urged, made no room for his pure confession of faith—the world to come was his own. It is thus that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church, and that a faith which, whatever were its intellectual claims to acceptation, was true, living, sublime, gradually assumed the form which had time to become definite and permanent by the days of Sylvester. To men of this stamp exclusion from the rites and fellowship of their brethren would have been the most terrible of evils.

The change in the religion of Constantine introduced a new order of considerations into the code of the Christian Church. From being a persecuted, Christians became a dominant, sect. The weight, of the political sword was thrown into the scale, and obedience to the Emperor led men to reverence, not to outrage, the Pope. With this, that mass of people who are mere time-servers, those who actively professed opinions in order to obtain credit with men in power, those who passively professed them to avoid trouble, or to be in the fashion,

or to do as their betters or their ancestors did, flocked freely into that fold of which they naturally soon formed a majority. To these people there was little reality in their faith, and no force in purely spiritual sanctions. To maintain any semblance of order in the suddenly enlarged Church, it became necessary to attach temporal consequences to pastoral censure or exclusion; and thus, from the mere force of circumstances, the power of excommunication, the simple means of maintaining the purity of a spiritual faith, became converted into a terrible engine of political power, and the apostolic injunction, "a man that is a heretic, after the first and second admonition, reject," was transformed into a claim to direct political fealty and to dispose of the imperial crown.

Another difficulty ensued from the change in the relations existing between Christianity and the State. When the new religion changed from a confession to a custom, it was not the mass of nominal Christians alone that were indifferent to any but the external ordinances of the Church. As

the power of the clergy increased, Orders were sought for political ends. As the episcopate became a seat of active power, it was sought by many for the sake of power alone. Under the rule of men of this stamp the inconsistency inherent in the changed condition of the Church became exaggerated into formidable evil. The religious part of the Christian system, already relegated to the future world for its sanctions, became a mere matter of form and of falsehood in the hands of men who sought alone a political status. Thus when the Papal Court, under the rule of the most accomplished Italian princes, became the very centre of refinement and of luxury, it was not the polished scepticism of the Medici that formed the chief danger of the faith. So thoroughly had the original conditions of that faith been inverted, that the world to come was, so to speak, discounted for the present, and, to swell the revenues and support the pomp of a court, future punishment was declared to be commutable for a very small pecuniary compensation.

The naked business-like form in which this essence of episcopal power was placed by Tetzel proved to be the drop that caused the cup of patience to overflow. Men had seen the gradual absorption by the Church of influence, of power, and of wealth. The bishops had grown into princes, and openly laid aside, in many instances, any habits but those of the luxury of secular power. But the future sanction, which two hundred and twenty years of persecution had branded into the consciences of the first Christians, was too openly turned into merchandise. The mind of the Northern people, ever less influenced by the sensuous accompaniments of worship than the races of the South, was staggered. The Papacy lost the Protestant nations, and an attempt was made by men, who took counsel only from their own honest fervour and sense of right, to reform Christianity by the mere excision of her external corruptions. To do this it was necessary to deny the authoritative teaching of the Church. There remained, as the nucleus of

a new form of faith, the Scriptures, but the Scriptures without an interpreter. The right of private judgment thus introduced has, to the present time at least, only resulted in the disintegration of religious opinion.

It is thus that a new force has come into collision with the ancient power of the Papacy. Known under various names, as the Reformation or as the Revolution, its essential principle is the need that each man, possessed of a certain degree of education, feels, to think for himself, and not to allow others to think for him. It is not in matters relating to faith or to creed, or to the mysterious and unseen future, that this new spirit has been most energetically felt. The first preparation for the conflict was made by the invention of printing, and by the consequent facility given for the exchange of thought and the acquisition of positive knowledge. Then came physical discovery in aid of free speculation. A new hemisphere was added to our planet, which not only furnished a stimulus to activity, an outlet to the

more fiery spirits, a scene for political experiment, but which had a distinct influence on public sentiment as furnishing a proof that the teaching of the greatest men of the past was not exhaustive. All knowledge was supposed to be summed up in the learning of Syria and of Greece, but the western continent was as unknown to the commentators as to the scholiasts, to the writers of Scripture as to Aristotle. There was a possibility, then, that Truth had not spoken her last word to mankind.

This conviction was mightily enforced, more than a century later than the age of Columbus, of Cabot, of Vasco di Gama. If ever one man, single-handed, gave a fatal blow to the power of authority over the human mind, that man was Galileo. That blow was the more terrible because of the perfect simplicity and unconsciousness with which it was given. Who could have conceived that the invention of the telescope should have destroyed the unquestioned authority of the Church to dictate things necessary to be believed? But the blow was

only fatal in consequence of the false position assumed by the clergy, and of the transformation which the Church had undergone in passing from a persecuted to a dominant state. Had the great scientific discoveries of Galileo and his disciples and successors occurred before the time of Sylvester, their influence on the Church would have been imperceptible. Teachers of Christianity, intent on the spiritual character of their mission, would have accepted with hardly a passing comment the conviction that they had misunderstood a few passages in Scripture, in which prophets or apostles spoke according to the language of their times. Not a line in the Epistle of Peter would have been rewritten, if the Apostle, after having closed it, had become enlightened as to the Pythagorean system of astronomy. Certain expressions of St. Paul might have been modified if geology had formed a part of the scientific training of Gamaliel, but the body of argument, and the spirit of practical injunction, would have been altogether unaffected. But this was not, could not be, the case with an authority

that purported to rule and regulate human belief. The flight of the earth round the sun was opposed to the formal teaching of the Romish doctors. To believe in it, therefore, was heresy. To this hour physical astronomy is only allowed by Rome to be taught under the guise of a convenient hypothesis for purposes of calculation. When the Church has said that the earth does not move, no child of the Church is free to believe in its motion. Thus Galileo laid the foundations of a positive science more Catholic and more ennobling than any to be found in the pages of Comte; and the Papacy, in nailing its flag to the mast, committed itself to an internecine contest with human intelligence.

Physical truth, tangible results, were the surest bases of the Revolution. The inquiry into what *must be*, or the insistence on what authority said must be, was gradually superseded by the ascertainment of what *is*. The whole system and school of dogmatism is uprooted by this simple change. It is needless to recall the names of the

authors of this reform, more irresistible than that of Luther, since it was not a change of opinion, but a substitution, to some extent, of knowledge for opinion in any form at all. Bacon, Kepler, Newton, Leibnitz, Cavendish, Dalton, Watt, Stephenson,—these are the names of some of the illustrious school of Galileo.

In an old Latin edition of the "De Revolutionibus" is to be found an essay by a prelate of the Roman Catholic Church, explaining those passages of Scripture which are taken to be contradictory to the new astronomy. With much largeness and liberality of view the orthodox writer explains away the apparent discrepancies. But the study of the volume brings forcibly before the mind the terror with which men listened to the new doctrines. It was a terror like that produced by earthquake—nothing seemed stable, nothing certain; if the solid earth itself was whirling through space, even the Papacy was not eternal.

The minds of the students of the daily literature of the present time have naturally been chiefly

directed to those political phases of revolt against the doctrine of authority that form the history of the last three and a half centuries. We see how the personal exigencies of Henry VIII. led to the rejection from the neck of England of that supreme rule which was never accepted by the Anglo-Saxon race with an unqualified submission. But perhaps it has not been sufficiently pointed out how the descent of the murderous axe of the English Herod on royal necks shook the reverence of the people for descent and for lineage, and how the weapon which the Tudor princes sharpened for the judicial murder of two if not of three queens, was thus, like the sword of Douglas, loosened in its sheath, and sprang forth in evil hour to strike off the heads of the Stuart and the Bourbon. Who would have dared a *quasi* judicial slaughter of Charles I. or of Louis XVI., if the unavenged blood of Mary Stuart and of Anne Boleyn had not proved that royal necks might be severed with impunity?

To the slow and successful course of the revolt in

England, first against the Church, then, naturally, against the sovereign, who then leant on the power of the Church, we have been educated to look with some kindling of the emotions. A more energetic and unequal struggle was that of the United Provinces against the most sanguinary and unqualified form of tyranny known to history, that of Philip II. of Spain. The flame spread to a new world, where a people to whom nature opened inexhaustible treasures, declared that they would acknowledge no form of authority whatever, and commenced the most stupendous and most instructive experiment in the history of the human race. When a long and subtle autocracy had impoverished and broken down the territorial noblesse of France, and when the example of the wretched Louis XV. had entailed the almost utter corruption of society, the convulsion that ensued under the feeble sceptre of a well-meaning monarch was more terrible than any form of bloodshed, save the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the orthodox repression of Philip II.; and not authority alone, but society—

not society only, but humanity, were submerged in the Reign of Terror.

By steps such as we can thus only hastily indicate, has Europe arrived at her present position, when the Papacy and the Revolution, the principles of authority, and of independent thought and action, are looking one another in the face. The only consistent claim to the exercise of power on earth by divine delegation is made by fugitive princes, by the tottering and sullied crown of Spain, and by the Bishops of Rome, if we exclude from the struggle of which Western Europe is the scene, the Asiatic sovereignties of the Sultan and the Czar. In our own country the monarchy has been said to be put into commission, and the House of Commons is gradually absorbing all the power of the State. In Prussia, a struggle between the king and the chambers which recalls the history of the Stuart kings of England, has been for a time lulled by the exigencies of war. Germany is more eager to be one, than first to be free. The heir of the Emperor is attempting to

consolidate a constitutional rule. Constitutions are the modes of existence of the minor sovereigns of Holland, Portugal, Belgium, Greece—France alone, in the energy of the fierce Gallic impulse, having overleaped the "selle," has passed into the alternate phase of revolution, (until the fierce circle recommences), the delegation of the absolute authority of the majority to a single man. In America, the majority still hold and exercise that absolute power. Change is everywhere active, but it is a change more resembling the putrescent than the vinous fermentation. Principle of unity, centre of vitality, there is none, none in the relics of that ancient and crumbling theocracy which yet with unbated voice opposes itself to modern civilization.

XX.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND POLITICAL ITALY.

THE problem on the solution of which depends in great measure the form of the future map of Europe is the transformation of the word Italy from a geographical to a political expression.

The real difficulty of the task may be said to have first actually commenced on the 3rd of October, 1866, when the signature at Vienna of a treaty of peace ceded Venetia to Italy. Till that time the Italian people had been before their enemies—from that day they were left face to face with themselves. The latter position, it was foreseen by all who knew them, was far the more trying of the two; for with the flight of the French eagle from Rome, and of the black and golden flag from Venice, was removed that bond of common hatred which alone has hitherto proved adequate to bind together those impulsive children of the South.

As a geographical unity, therefore, Italy has

now but one object. It is a gap more important than can be guessed from its dimensions on the map. The material wealth of Italy would be little diminished if the predicted earthquake had already overwhelmed the Leonine city. The political unity of Italy is impossible so long as the Roman question is unsolved.

That this question has been intensely exacerbated by the long French occupation of Rome, no person familiar with Italy can for a moment doubt. The Italians take a view of the policy of the French empire which some people may call ungrateful, but which seems closely accordant with fact. Under what distinct and definite impulse, for what clearly defined aim and end, the ruler of France first challenged the hostility of Austria, is not yet known to the historian. That Italy won Lombardy from the House of Hapsburg by French arms is a simple matter of fact. But that a French ruler should so far not only depart from but oppose the traditional policy of all Kings of France, as to raise up of his own initiation a new State of

twenty-four millions of people at his doors, and that, after having made that union inevitable, he should so vexatiously and uselessly oppose every detail of its consolidation as to kindle an undying hatred in the breast of nearly every one of those twenty-four millions of men, is a miscalculation almost without precedent in history, among events on so gigantic a scale. That Lombardy, won by French arms from Austria, should be the price of Nice and Savoy is a purpose which the logic of events has made tolerably clear. That Tuscany and Naples should form petty sovereignties, holding in chief of the Tuileries, or that a new Italian federation should be so arranged as to convert the Papal See, if not into a French bishopric, into something very closely resembling it, was a design the more fully believed in by the Italians from its never having been avowed. From a French point of view such a scheme would not have been unwise; from a Bonapartist point of view it would have been but the embodiment of an *idée Napoléonique;* but from an Italian point of view it

would have been simply the substitution of a more irresistible tyranny for one that showed signs of weakness; and Europe, on the whole, has taken the Italian view of the matter. That the persistence with which the Italians clung to their cry of "*Italia una*" took the French counsels entirely by surprise, is the only excuse that can be offered by Louis Bonaparte for the results of his march over the Alps.

But when it became apparent that no scheme of federation or of patronage was feasible, that the Italians would take their own path, even if it led to ruin, the way was still open for a dignified retreat. It was too late to undo the work of Solferino, but there was an opportunity for ensuring the gratitude of a long-remembering people. "I have made a mistake," a true statesman would have said, "so let me make the best of it. I have got the chestnuts out of the fire; I will not show that I made a blunder by sulking and sucking my paws. Italy will be one. Let her try, in God's name, and let her settle as best she may the irre-

concilable claims of Turin and of Rome. Let her go on to a state of anarchy that shall compel the armed intervention of Europe, or let her, if she overcome her danger, remember that it was the hand of France that first struck down the sword so long pointed at her heart."

The prolonged occupation of Rome converted a comparatively pardonable error into a grave political blunder of the first magnitude. It gave time for the formation of a permanent public opinion, a hatred of the French ruler branded into the heart of every Italian by the sensitive access of the pocket. Brigandage in Southern Italy, rightly or wrongly, was universally attributed to support from Rome. At Rome, Francis II. of Bourbon maintained the semblance of royal state when driven by the Cavalli guns from his safe burrow at Gaeta. From Rome issued denunciations of the King of Italy, of the union of Italy, of the march of the schoolmaster and the engineer; and from Rome and from the patrimony of St. Peter issued organised bands of robbers, whose exactions and whose cruelties

will excite a fierce sense of burning wrong during the lifetime of the present generation. The result of this on the people of Campania, more devoted Papists than the Roman people themselves, was sensible, natural, steady. It betrayed itself in the different tone in which, as month glided after month, the temporal ruler of Rome was named with ever-increasing bitterness. Still more loudly did it evince itself in the constant expressions of detestation for the French ruler who occupied Rome, unthanked by the Pope, unasked by the French, execrated by the Italians as the *capo brigante*, the man actually responsible for all the robbery, suffering, and bloodshed that made hideous so much of Southern Italy.

The spirit of counsel which so long brooded over the Seven Hills of Rome has refused to descend on a spot which the French Eagle has made an eyrie. Precious time has been irrecoverably lost. The Papacy, guided it would seem by motives of the most personal and unstatesmanlike kind on the part of one who, while professing to

serve, ruled and misled the Pope, has gradually drifted not only into irreconcilable hostility toward the House of Savoy and the Kingdom of Italy, but into diametrical opposition to civilization and success. The worst foes of the Papacy have never so damaged the hold of the Holy See over the mind of men, have never shown so flagrant a contrast between the sacred character of the Vicar of Christ and the actual policy of the enlistment of the Antibes legion and the Papal Zouaves, as have the ministers of Pius IX. If it be true that "*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*," there is some reason to be found for those who believe that the Papacy is in its agony. Greater foes to the Holy See than Garibaldi or Gavazzi, than Henry VIII. or William the Silent, than Luther or the Constable de Bourbon, have been Charles Louis Bonaparte and Giacomo Antonelli.

In former times of peril for the Papacy, the wisdom which read the times has been mingled with the perseverance that endured them. It is the absence of that wisdom which forms the

startling novelty of the Rome of to-day. Luther may be denounced at the cost only of half of Christendom, for the disputes between Luther and Leo were but matters of opinion, although of opinion on the most important subjects. But no argument from the armoury of the past can blunt the irresistible weapon furnished by Watt and wielded by Stephenson. If Papal rule be made incompatible with steam power, Papal rule will end. The free exchange of thought which an increased command of the facilities of locomotion entails, will prove infallibly destructive of any power that does not realize the novelty of the situation and apply itself to meet its requirements.

Thus by severing Rome from Italy, by surrounding the Papal court with a delusive protection and with a false sense of security, by losing the opportunity of the time when twelve millions of Italians would have gravitated rather toward a southern centre than toward a sub-Alpine capital, France has been injured much, Italy more, Rome most.

The blunder of the passage of the Alps has not yet led to so fatal an issue as the blunder of the Mexican expedition. But the last word of the Italian campaign has not yet been uttered.

We are, indeed, far from last words. The alphabetical arrangement of fifty-nine provinces in which the directors of the general statistics of Italy have arranged on paper the superficies of that kingdom before the war of 1866, gives a very different impression to the mind from that caused by a tour through the provinces in question. The deputies who meet in the Chamber of Florence represent populations in widely different stages of civilization. They are themselves men who have undergone very different courses of education. They must naturally and inevitably group themselves in a manner likely to prove, as it has hitherto proved, extremely hostile to any efficient system of Government.

The traveller who takes a rapid voyage from Genoa to Naples will be struck with the wide difference that he detects between the inhabitants

of those two cities. If his journey has included Turin, the contrast will be still more marked. He will feel that the builders and the inhabitants of the regular, well-built, clean, trim little Sardinian capital can come in contact with those of the dreary, neglected, miry, dirty, volcanic port, only either as enemies or as masters. In any project for the future guidance of Italy the hope of the observer will attach itself exclusively to the prevalence of the Northern element. With timely growth the preponderance might have become naturally established. Although the old subjects of the House of Savoy, since its Head sold his cradle to the Frenchman, amount to less than four and a half millions out of the twenty-four millions of nominal Italians, energy and organization would have their natural results if time came in aid. With the Piedmontese, the Tuscans and the Lombards can, not unnaturally, associate; together they would form a nation of nine millions of souls, sufficiently homogeneous to unite in firm adhesion. Such a group must form the backbone of any

possible Italy. The old kingdom of the Two Sicilies, at the other extreme of the scale of civilization, at the other end of the scale of education, is numerically almost exactly equal to this intelligent northern group of provinces. The deputies of nine millions of Neapolitans and Sicilians would have dictated the policy of the Chambers if only they had acted together. This, of course, was the last thing they thought of doing, as division in Italy is always more urgent against your neighbour in exact ratio of his proximity. To this balanced numerical condition of north and south, of provinces to some extent harmonising, *vis-à-vis* with one of equal number but of greater homogeneity, have been added the two less understood elements of the population of Romagna and of Venice, the one bred under a rule sister to that of Naples, the other subject to the most fearful of indigenous tyrannies long before she passed under the sword of the House of Hapsburg. If Venice and Romagna send statesmen fit to take part in a constitutional struggle, it must be the most signal

instance of the power of the Italian race to thrive and spring, like the grass itself, beneath the very hoofs of the dragoon.

Thus in the Parliament of Florence are to be found those elements of discord and of paralysis which are independent of political party. It is possible to conceive, by an effort of the imagination, the existence of a party of purely national policy holding the mean between the movement and the reaction. Had Cavour lived, that party might have prevailed, even though it would have chiefly consisted of a single man. But when to the political sources of division, the inflated, unpractical theories of the one party, the blindness, not only to tendencies but to fact of the other, are added the strong repulsive tendencies of provincial differences that are still national in all but name; when the precise, somewhat red-tape, statements of the Piedmontese administration are encountered by the frantic gesticulations and long-drawn howls of the Neapolitan bar; when the representatives of the ancient Italian municipalities are face to face

with each other, and with no common and tangible object of enmity before them, the issuing of a stable Government from such a chaos will be a miracle far more inexplicable than that twice annually exhibited at Naples. For Italy to solidify will be more wonder than for the blood of San Gennaro to melt.

In presence of great misfortune, the wildest men at times become sober, the most selfish show consideration. The three events which, each in itself a bitter humiliation, are yet, if rightly regarded, the most pregnant with hope for Italy, are the battles of Lissa and of Custozza, and the trial of Admiral Persano. By these three rude and crucial tests Italians have had the means of measuring themselves against other people. Foremost, perhaps *the* foremost, in intelligence, it has been the dream of the Italian people that it was only necessary to strike the fetters from their limbs, to remove the sword from their throat, for Italy to spring into her place in the councils of Europe, a mighty, united nation of twenty-four million souls. They have

had the sternest lesson that more is requisite in order to become great than boasting or even than enthusiasm. They have forgotten that, of the three chief tyrannies under which they groaned, two were indigenous, and one replaced an indigenous tyranny more cruel than itself. They have forgotten that the existence of a tyrant implies that of slaves. But above all have they suffered, and they will continue to suffer, until they learn the salutary lesson that the *invidia* denounced by their immortal Poet is more hostile to national welfare than the *sbirro* of the Bourbon or the sword of the Austrian; that it is that ever-active envy which has made these fallen powers what they were: that, unless suppressed, it will inevitably, render any Government whatever, either impossible or arbitrary; above all, that the one thing which distinguishes a historic and noble people from a mere rabble of slaves, is the knowledge, the honouring, and the practice of Truth.

NOTE

On the Prophecy respecting the Popes, attributed to Saint Malachi, Archbishop of Armagh from 1127 *to* 1148 A.D.

THIS remarkable document is but little known in England, although it is certainly one of the greatest literary curiosities in existence. It is referred to by Cornelius à Lapide, in his famous Commentary on the Apocalypse, which was printed at Venice in the year 1700, and it is to be found in full in the great historical dictionary of Moreri. It professes to indicate the chief characteristic of each Pontiff, or Pontificate, from Celestine II., the 167th bishop of Rome, who was elected five years before the death of St. Malachi, down to the destruction of the Seven-hilled City. The chief difficulty regarding it, from a Romanist point of view, is that it includes seven Anti-Popes. Each Pope is denoted by a short Latin sentence, which is explained by reference either to his birthplace, his arms, his character, or some startling event of his life or pontificate. The first distinct historic reference to this prophecy dates from the election of Gregory XIV. in 1590, as the designation of the 233rd bishop, who had at that time to be chosen, was "*De antiquitate Urbis*," which was thought to point to Orvieto, *Urbs vetus*, the birthplace of this prelate, and the prophecy was at that time stigmatized by his opponents as a forgery. But neither after the date thus authenticated, after that of Gregory XV., to whom Cornelius à Lapide ascribes thirty-two successors according to the prophecy, nor after that of Benedict XIV., who was reigning Pope at the date of the publication of the

dictionary of Moreri, is any change in the degree of applicability of the phrases to the corresponding pontificates to be detected. Some of the applications, throughout, may appear to be far-fetched or obscure, but the designations of Pius VI., who went to Vienna in 1782, and died at Valence in 1799, as *Peregrinus Apostolicus*, of Pius VII., who crowned Napoleon, and was a prisoner in the grasp of the rapacious French eagle, as *Aquila rapax*, and of Gregory XVI., Vicar General of the Camaldoli, as *De Balneis Hetruriæ*, are wonderfully exact.

Pius IX. is designated by the expression *Crux de cruce*. This mysterious sentence may with great propriety be thus amplified : *Crux Sabaudiæ de Cruce Romanâ regnum sustulit.* Pius is the 259th bishop of Rome, according to the Roman historians, who reckon St. Peter as the first. He is the 192nd Pope or bishop claiming universal primacy, the 166th Italian Prince, and the 55th Sovereign of Rome, reckoning from Boniface IX , who assumed the rule of the city during the fifty years of struggle known as the " Great Schism of the West," which almost immediately followed the return of the Popes to Rome from their seventy years of exile at Avignon.

The pontificates of Pius VI., of Pius VII., of Gregory XVI., and of Pius IX., amounting together to eighty-four years, have very largely exceeded the average duration of Papal reigns, which is nearly seven years. It is held that the length of no episcopate can exceed that of St. Peter, which is stated at twenty-five years. There is a very palpable error in this tradition. The eighteenth centenary of St. Peter's martyrdom was celebrated at Rome in 1867. Eighteen hundred and twenty-five years before this date brings us to the year preceding the death of Herod Agrippa, and to the time when the Apostle was imprisoned by that king, the escape from his captivity dating at the Easter of the following year. During

the fifteen years subsequent to this date, which are covered by the Acts of the Apostles, no mention is made of any visit of Peter to Rome, and that Apostle was certainly at Jerusalem at the Feast of Pentecost A.D. 48.

The portion of St. Malachi's prophecy which purports to indicate the successors of *Crux de cruce* is as follows :—

Lumen in Cœlo.
Ignis ardens.
Religio depopulata.
Fides intrepida.
Pastor angelicus.
Pastor et nauta.
Flos florum.
De medietate Lunæ.
De labore Solis.
De gloriâ olivæ.

In persecutione extremâ Romanæ ecclesiæ sedebit PETRUS ROMANUS, *qui pascet oves in multis tribulationibus, quibus transactis,* CIVITAS SEPTICOLLIS *diruetur, et Judex tremendus judicabit populum.*

The following Table, p. 334, may be of use to show the chief phases through which the Roman Episcopate has passed since the first certain date of the preaching of Christianity at Rome.

THE SEVEN PHASES OF THE PAPACY.

YEARS.	BISHOPS.		A.U.C.
		I.	
		From the arrival of St. Paul at Rome in the Spring of A.U.C. 810, to the Council of Nice.	810
270	33	*Martyr and Confessor Bishops.*	1080
		II.	
		From the Council of Nice to the granting the title of UNIVERSAL BISHOP to Boniface III. by the Emperor Phocas.	
279	33	*Bishops recognised by the Emperor.*	1359
		III.	
		From the grant of Phocas to the gift of the Exarchate of Ravenna to Stephen III. by Pepin, King of France.	
149	27	*Popes claiming primacy.*	1508
		IV.	
		From the gift of the Exarchate to the seizure of the Pontificate by Alberic, son of Octavius, who first made use of an assumed name.	
200	40	*Popes holding territory as Italian Princes.*	1708
		V.	
		From John XII. to the Revolution which established popular government in Rome, when the election of the Pope was restricted to the Cardinals.	
182	33	*Popes under assumed names.*	1890
		VI.	
		From the Revolution at Rome to the confirmation of the law of Conclave at the Council of Lyons.	
137	20	*Popes elected by Cardinals.*	2027
		VII.	
		From the Council of Lyons to the French evacuation of Rome, in the 1260th year of the Papacy.	
592	73	*Popes elected in Conclave.*	2619
1809	259	Bishops of Rome from Peter to Pius IX., both inclusive.	

ERRATA.

Page 38, line 14, for "depth," read "staple."

„ 70, line 2, for "stagioni" read "stagione."

„ 101, lines 4 and 18, for "Fucino" read "Fusaro."

„ 102, heading, for "at" read "on the."

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